World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Edited by Edward Hulton

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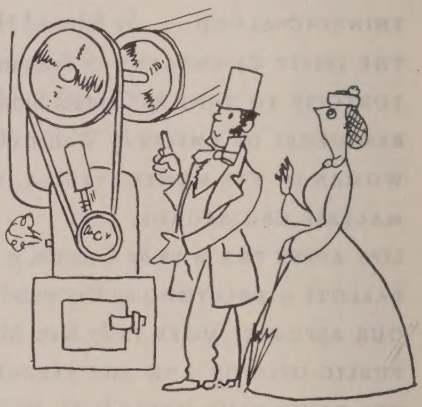
2. The Slaves of Wood and Water

3. The Slaves of the Fields



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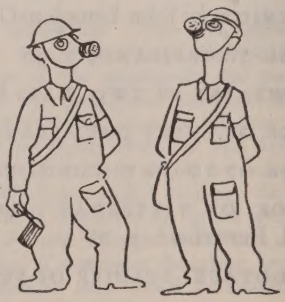


6. Resisting the last world-gangster

7. Leisure at last

The Seven Ages of Man *by* OSBERT LANCASTER

Man's pilgrimage has been one of back-breaking toil, rewarded by penury. Not chiefly because of the exactions of princes and nobles, but because of his own lack of science.

It took him many ages to gain the mastery of other animals. For many aeons, he was but a hewer of wood and carrier of water. Even after the invention of agriculture, the mediaeval villein was very definitely tied to the soil. The Industrial Revolution at first meant long hours, low wages and pestilential slums. Nineteenth century business meant long dreary hours driving a pen in stuffy city offices. To-day, Man and Woman are united to resist the arch anti-social criminal. The future holds leisure. The intelligent employment of this will be the problem.

E. H.

Thinking Aloud . . .

by EDWARD HULTON

THE essential manliness of the British people has been revealed by this war. We were not sure of it before. Ribbentrop was certainly convinced that the virility had departed. To this judgment he was assisted, not only by the appeasement attitude he found in our rulers, but by the foolish demeanour of so many of our youths. Our universities are not an edifying sight. The effeminate behaviour and raiment of so many of their prized inmates have already been described *ad nauseam.* This behaviour is not found at Glasgow or Dublin, and certainly not at McGill or Harvard, or, indeed, at Continental universities.

It is a wise tradition to leave our undergraduates to work out their own salvation. The University authorities, however, might do something to try to suggest the wisdom of a better tone. Somewhat pettifogging restrictions are not lacking. Nevertheless, to effeminate and even perverted behaviour, blazoned forth to the point of indecency, a blind eye is turned. There is too much cleavage in this century between the 'Hearty'—games-loving but Philistine, and the 'Aesthete'—intellectual but pansyfied.

The deportment of the University men has of course been copied by large sections of youth throughout the land. It has failed to impress foreigners; and it was beginning to have a fundamental effect on our mentality. Again, the Nazi 'agent' did not fail to notice the writings of those who so loudly proclaimed themselves the voice of youth. You may argue that the pre-war writings of columnists in popular papers were unimportant. They were not. The Nazi knew that these 'Youth-Writers' were drawing salaries of £5,000 or so a year. These sums are not given for nothing. These writers obviously had a big public—a big fan mail and a big influence. Instead of denouncing the Nazis they were permitted to expatiate upon the horror of war itself. Up to the very declaration our film commentators were not attacking Hitler—they were telling us how nasty war was. The Peace Ballot movement was countered by no other propaganda, government or other. Is it surprising that the noble champagne salesman concluded that in no circumstances would we fight?

A Land fit for Airmen!

THE fantastic courage of our airmen, sailors and soldiers has astounded all nations. Our young men are no doubt the toughest in the world. The Germans were probably under-nourished as children, are highly nervous, and are apt to go to pieces when things go wrong. And in this country, in contrast with most others, toughness is not confined to the working class. The other day my eye fell upon a group of young officers congregated in the hall of a well-known club. I was reminded of

an exclamation of the Iron Duke: 'I don't know what the enemy will feel about them. But they terrify me.'

When these young men return to the tasks of peace they will require a more manly spirit in the land. Old women must be replaced by resolute statesmen. The disposition to feel that Britain must always be wrong must yield, not to insularity, still less to isolation, but to a faith in our mission such as was felt by those who built our Empire. Strangely enough, the more one reads of the manner in which the Empire was created, the greater the merit one discovers in it. 'The Character of the British Empire', a pamphlet by Ramsay Muir, is excellent on this subject.

Return to Merrie England

SOCIALLY there must be a return to 'Merrie'—or Elizabethan—England. The Elizabethans were poets, and also men. This quality seems rare, or suppressed to-day. Either we are tough but inarticulate, or intellectual and rarified. J. B. Priestley is one of the few exceptions. His roots seem obviously in the people and the soil, yet he looks to the Arts.

He would have been 'Champion' at the Ministry of Information.

Personal Freedom

EITHER we are fighting for freedom, or we are not! If we are, then it is as well to state that personal freedom is even more important than political. Minorities are famous for the way in which they exert domination over easy-going majorities. There is no exception in England. As A. P. Herbert has so often pointed out, a persistent minority has, these many moons, hamstringed us with a host of pettifogging and galling restrictions.

The Puritans are making capital out of this war to intensify the gloom of the black-out. The police, who should have something better to do, are engaged chasing after 'bottle-parties'. The time has come for a counter-attack. The day has dawned when the Britisher must be allowed the same personal freedom as the Yugo-Slav, the Portuguese, or the Greek. The 'bottle-party', as a legal conception, would never have arisen had we not been plagued with foolish licensing laws.

The anomalies of these laws are an old subject and would fill a volume. Why should a 'public-house' need a licence at all? In America it was discovered that the more competition there was the better conducted were the saloons. A so-called 'club' can be opened by anybody at will and carried on without much supervision. The 'bottle-party', nominally a private function, is the latest brainwave and competes, it must be admitted, somewhat unfairly with restaurants and hotels in which much capital has been sunk. The restriction of hours will gradually have to go altogether.

It has not been responsible for the more sober habits of the people during the last forty years. That is due to improved education, more bearable conditions of life, and alternative amusements, such as the cinema. Drunkenness can only be cured by education. Repression is useless. And being told to stop drinking by a waiter or publican does not give you the consciousness that you are a citizen of a proud nation.

We are not Children!

THE authorities must trust the people. They still think of them as naughty children. 'What is little Bertie doing? Anyhow, run and tell him not to!' is

still their attitude. Our men must not have rifles in their hands lest they should 'let them off' and hurt somebody. The people must not have a drink in Hyde Park without a sandwich lest they run amok! The Swiss normally keeps his rifle in his umbrella stand. He is the most peaceful person on earth. On the Continent when personal freedom was the rule, I have almost never seen a person intoxicated. In America during Prohibition I have seen respectable female schoolteachers fall flat on their faces at social gatherings.

Our legislation regarding 'gaming' and 'betting' is a fantasy of its own. Again, why, forsooth, should the Lord Chamberlain censor plays and not music halls and films? Lotteries are banned here, whilst in our colony of Malta a giant one is permanently conducted by the State. Many of the clergy —especially those attached to troops— have led Thomas Atkins to believe that Christianity is not so much a great spiritual philosophy as a system of sexual repression. All this has got to go. When the war is over we want a people who will throw the pansies into the Serpentine, indulge in revelry without licentiousness, and be able to hold its wine.

The Bill for the War

And now about paying for the war. The Finance Bill has not satisfied anybody. We keep on prating of our vast resources but the trouble is we don't spend them. With more to spend we have spent less on the war than Germany. We have tried, in fact, to run it on the cheap! One thing that is wrong with our Constitution is that governance is controlled by the Treasury, which is all right in a *laisser-faire* country at peace, but hopeless for a state that is running the war of the ages. The Treasury has been the bottle-neck of bottle-necks.

Officials from other departments with enterprising schemes have had to dance attendance on Treasury Tchinovniks versed in the financial philosophy of Gladstone. This has applied even to sums which one would hardly have expected to embarrass the Exchequer of the Principality of Monaco! For this reason, amongst others, scheme after scheme of the Ministry of Information has been still-born.

The Keynes Plan

In the financing of the war, there is now a great gulf, bridged neither by taxation nor borrowing.

Labour members have not played the game over the Purchase Tax. In the first place it would seem that Maynard Keynes' scheme for a Compulsory Loan was a good one. In the last war, whilst our exiguously rewarded soldiers were bleeding in the mud of Flanders, many munition workers were definitely in the ranks of the profiteers. A similar situation has been suffered to arise again. Large numbers of munitioneers are receiving far more than they got in peace-time work. This is fundamentally wrong.

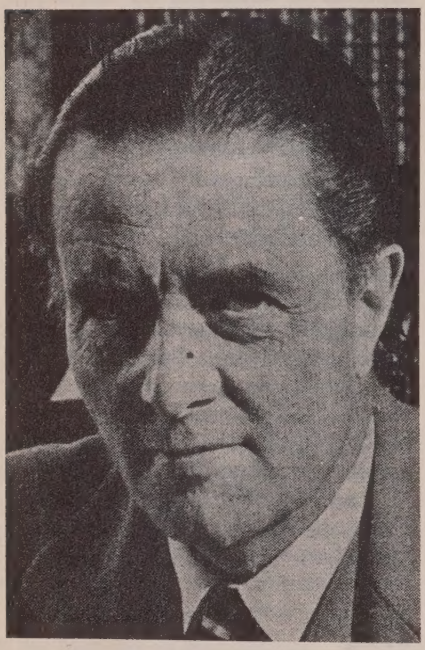
But there is more to it. The stocks of goods in the country are naturally much reduced. If workers do not reduce their expenditure prices must rise, and they will defeat their own ends. Added to this, there will be an acute shortage, entailing the misery of long queues. Higher prices and queues are naturally a terrible hardship for those least happily placed.

The Compulsory Loan would have reduced consumption, and there would have been a tidy sum for the munition

workers after the war, when the change over to peaceful production is bound to cause considerable temporary unemployment.

A Financial Red Herring

THE present Purchase Tax would have a considerable effect in reducing consumption. But there is a persistent attempt by Labour members to whittle it down. Most munition workers would like to do their bit; but they can hardly be expected to be masters of economic theory. They are being somewhat deceived. For they are being allowed to imagine that there exists somewhere a vast treasure which could be seized from 'the rich'. The truth is that even if the Government confiscated everything 'the rich' possess the sum obtained would be trivial.



THE RT. HON. ROBERT SPEAR HUDSON

I hold no brief for the Banks, but a red herring is being drawn across the trail. It is being shouted that the Banks are holding back from contributing to war loans, and that this is the real trouble. Unfortunately the people as a whole will have to pay for the war.

Strong Man

THE food campaign has not been assisted by the very high wages paid by government contractors to many unskilled workers, or even boys, building aerodromes, roads, etc. But if anyone can get Agriculture on its feet, Robert Hudson is the man. When he dined with me, he pretended to know little of the intricacies of the industry, and at once betrayed a fantastic grasp of its essentials and also of the innumerable ins and outs of its politics. More than this, Mr. Hudson is a really practical and strong man. He wastes no time on passing the time of day.

He is one of the most impressive ministers I have ever met. If he is half as able as he is impressive he will be a winner.

In Defence of 'Snooping'

SOME of the press have selected a silly stick with which to beat Mr. Duff Cooper. For years door-to-door investigation has been employed by commercial firms and the newspapers themselves. That the King's Officers should come to the subject's door and ask him how he would like things done—surely this in old times would have seemed the 'Earthly Paradise'. And if this is not democracy, what is? Apparently the Government must not

indulge in such jaunts. Why not? It is curious how much *laisser-faire* philosophy lies embedded in so many 'modern' people. The attack would have delighted John Stuart Mill!

The Ministry of Information has not been happy in all its endeavours. Nevertheless it is not the function of a responsible Press to make fun of everything the Ministry does. Dr. Goebbels' essays are not always without unconscious humour.

At the same time, the Press must band itself together to prevent imposition of a censorship of the French type. Before the war many of our newspapers were guilty of attempting to lull the people into a false sense of security—into which the inhabitants of this island, from the Celts onwards—are only too disposed to fall! But since the declaration it is the Press who have helped the people to replace Chamberlain with Churchill. The existence of a free Press is a sure preventative of the rise of any Pétains, great or small, in our midst.

Sir Walter Monckton

OUR old friend the Ministry of Information has had two distinct successes. The first was Sir Walter Monckton. Before the War, Sir Walter was one of those 'eminences grises' who are almost entirely unknown by the greater public. Even at the bar he was of the select company who do the 'big work', but are not displayed in the popular press because they do not defend gentlemen who place noxious substances in their wives' tea.

As soon as Sir Walter entered the Bloomsbury Senate House his formidable charm soothed the savage breast of the most bellicose pressman. He has lived to retain the respect and affection both of the press and the public. He is an able lawyer, but neither looks nor behaves like a lawyer. Only a few years back he was officiating as a Master of Hounds. His appearance is still almost boyish, and his manner is not so much legal as practical and human. Because

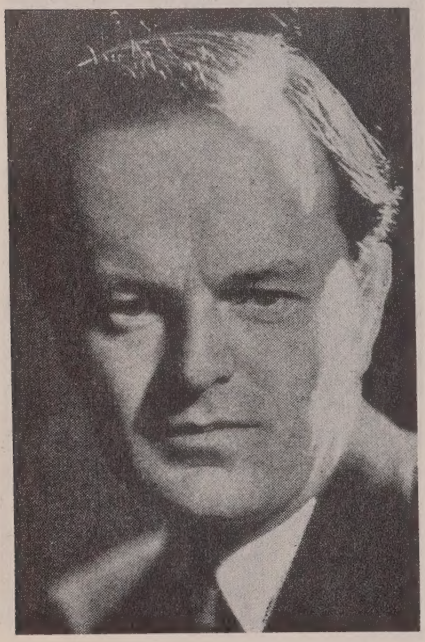
SIR WALTER MONCKTON, K.C.V.O.

he unites real ability, hard work, and almost uncanny powers of persuasion, he would really make the ideal politician. He is obviously destined for very high office.

Sir Kenneth Clark

THE second success is Sir Kenneth Clark. Because he was the Director of the National Gallery, the ignorant

thought it a good joke when he was appointed to control the Ministry's Films Division. He soon surprised everybody. He is now in charge of the Division which covers a multitude of activities, from the issue of pamphlets to relations with newspapers and periodicals.



SIR KENNETH CLARK, K.C.B.

Sir Kenneth, who is a young man with an exceedingly attractive wife, is an art critic. When you have met him, you know you have met a civilised man. 'Culture' ceases to be an embarrassing word, and seems to mean something. If you have the good fortune to visit his flat, overlooking the green trees and lawns of Gray's Inn, you straightway wish more than ever to get the war won, and have time to linger in surroundings of such charm.

This does not sound like an account of a practical administrator. But not only has Sir Kenneth the power to grasp the essentials of strange new trades; he possesses 'drive'. He gets things done before others have had time to dictate a letter explaining how the proposal has 'received earnest attention but is unfortunately quite impossible'.

A Powerful American Friend

A GOOD friend of England has just sailed for his native America. This is Edgar Mowrer, of the *Chicago Daily News*. I first ran him to earth—a considerable feat—in Paris, just after the declaration of war. Statistics show that the 'typical American' is a thick, sturdy little business man. But Mowrer, with his long loose limbs and Abraham Lincoln visage, conforms to the popular conception of our cousins. Gaining world-wide fame with his *Germany Puts the Clock Back*, written about a year *before* the final triumph of Hitler, this energetic man is perhaps America's most respected newspaper correspondent.

Our arrangements for the 'reception' of American journalists constitute one of our major failures in this war. These men have come over here to tell their people all about our splendid fight. They are a fairly high caste in their own land, and are habituated to a President who takes pleasure in having 'the boys' around him. Do we let them see the works? Not a bit of it! We seldom ever offer them so much as a cocktail!

It must be difficult for them to write of our endeavours in glowing terms while they are smothering resentment at being submitted to pettifogging restrictions, when they are not just ignored, or plainly told that they are a general nuisance. The struggle must begin to appear to them less like a 'People's War' than the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, seen by a divorcée from behind the bars.

Mowrer, however, is man enough to rise above all this. He has gone back to tell his folk that the place to defend America is at the right end of the Atlantic. I saw him just before he sailed, in an Express Dairy tea shop in Whitehall. The third party was Mrs. Helen Parkins Gauntlett, who is running the Outpost in London of the 'Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies'. This Committee, headed by the newspaper owner, William Allen White, the 'Sage of Kansas', is very active on the other side. The Outpost has just started an admirably got-up news-letter to tell the folks how we are getting on. I live in hopes that it will not be stopped for want of paper required for official forms to be issued in triplicate and then lost, or frisky fiction for adolescent females.

Equality

When Miss Gracie Fields was criticised in the House for the extremely unsatisfactory statements emanating from herself and her Italian spouse, a member cast a vague and entirely unfair aspersion upon 'duchesses', who, he alleged, had behaved likewise. But he suggested that the affairs of Miss Fields must remain sacrosanct. In a true Democracy, there cannot be a divine right especially constituted for popular entertainers who have once been mill girls.

War against Darkness

At the outbreak of war the Government told us that we were fighting 'the evil things', but not the German people. After a few months some Ministers gave way before an ignorant element that wanted to make this just another nationalist war. When the Nazis invaded the Netherlands, there was a panic cry, 'Intern all Aliens'. When France fell, our 'Splendid Isolationists' imagined that they had come into their own. Now saner counsels prevail. Mr. Wickham Steed, almost the Doyen of the Press, and Lord Davies, the imperturbable champion of international order, are fighting for a responsible committee for thoroughly planning our war aims. Michael Foot continues to write leading articles that are a daily inspiration. We are beginning to realise that our panicky and cruel treatment of anti-Nazi Germans has placed a blot upon our ancient reputation for granting asylum to the victims of tyrants.

The struggle is at last being envisaged not as a boxing match between Germany and Britain, but as a fight between the forces of darkness and those of us—British, French, Czech, Italian, and German—who, though harbouring human weaknesses, are nevertheless determined to battle to the end for the triumph of what we know to be right.

The Spirit of England

by EDMUND BLUNDEN

'It is natural that at times of marked emergency, when there has appeared some uncommon menace to the English inheritance, writers of genius have been moved to reconsider and to illustrate that inheritance with more than wonted zeal and, like other Englishmen, they have not flaunted their patriotism, but under troubled skies it has burned with a pure flame.'

PERHAPS the first time when the realisation of the spirit of England moved me deeply was when, as a boy, I arrived in the battlefield of the old Western Front. It was a place which there is little need to describe to-day, except that it was a vision of ruin and violence, and one might be excused on first seeing it for saying, 'My thoughts troubled me'. But joining the men who were fighting the war in these surroundings, I found among them such a cheerful and courageous philosophy, such ready ability, tireless co-operation and friendship, and constant quiet humour, that the first impression was swiftly overcome. To-day I look back to that remote experience with gratitude for and with pride in the spirit that turned the whole thing into a stronghold of human excellence.

I subsequently had another particular occasion to feel and to rejoice in that sustaining spirit, and in a revelation of the strength of England. It was not in itself anything extraordinary for a great number of Englishmen, but it was something new for me. Leaving my modest function as a journalist behind for a time, I was permitted to sign on as a member of the ship's company of a cargo-boat, bound for the Argentine and elsewhere. With all reverence to that vanished vessel, I must confess that she was far from lovely. 'Mister, she's a dirty ship'—such was the daily greeting. Her crew were not getting very rich in return for the heavy discomfort and labour and once or twice danger which they endured. Their turn of exile was long, and their future (when it should be ended) looked rather unpromising. But with what sturdy hearts and flow of wit they accepted whatever came! Most of these men had had adventures and accidents during the War of 1914–18, which might have haunted them for life; but they scarcely bothered about them. To me that crew on the ever coal-black deck, or swallowing strange brands of beer in dismal dockland cabins, remains as a picture of the spirit of England.

I could add other moments from the past in which, it might be while we were walking round a farm, or loitering in an East End street market, or on a train journey through one of those impenetrable fogs which we receive

now and then, I felt with sudden exultation the essential honour, modesty, bravery, fairness and total sanity of the English spirit. From here at home to the ends of the earth it is found, and where it is, it is regarded with profound admiration by observers of other nationalities: 'England has many an unexpected lover'. But, lest these paragraphs should seem like some passage of an autobiography, let it be said that every one of us has his or her approach to the theme of the spirit of England; every one has had particular occasions when the vision became peculiarly vivid and intimate and memorable, and accordingly we may all illustrate the faith we share and the ideals we follow in our countless individual ways.

Sometimes (and here a great many people will agree with me) I think that it is among the painters whom the kingdom has produced that we find the national temper, or quality, or wisdom displayed as beautifully and truthfully as anywhere. If it is an old charge against British painting that we have never produced works of sublime imagination, or grotesque power, or fierce passion such as other schools of painting have given to the world, it need not depress us much. For our tradition has its own fine values. It has been, through all changes of taste or fashion, the devoted and thankful representation of the life we love, and the simplicities to which we perpetually return.

The Quiet Landscape

A host of Englishmen have been content to exercise their art of painting in the interpretation of quiet scenery, and the operations of the farmer's year; they have altogether formed a school of British landscape painting which in itself, so far as I know, has no superior anywhere in the world and probably no equal. Some of these men, endowed with commanding genius, have left great names—men like John Constable, John Crome, J. S. Cotman; but their masterpieces are not different in attitude from the thousands of good pictures by less known artists. All have been inspired with the same love of nature and the countryside, which again is not the special emotion of our artists but has been and is the general English spirit. It is an understanding which has been developed through many centuries and which is connected with the familiar yet ever enchanting scenes of our farms, villages, village greens, market towns and winding roads as well as with the sweetness and soundness of the English way of looking at life.

'The Moral Quality'

Speaking of that, I should like to dwell a moment more on a characteristic of our painters apart from that gracious and gentle sense of the happy relationship between man and the land. This country has seen many admirable painters of portraits, about which, considered sheerly as works of art, others may judge; but to me it seems that in the typical English portrait the painter was less concerned to experiment with some new form or scheme of colours than he was eager to see and to record the moral quality of his subject. When you look at such pictures, you come into the company of real people with interesting and heartening characters; elsewhere you see rather the compositions of brilliant technique, without the humanity. And here again I find not a trait of our painters so much as a feeling which is national. We look for and we love the expressions of varied, keen and generous character.

It is, of course, in English books that the spirit of England, alike in reference to our national temperament and course of action and as regards the actual setting in which we live, is reflected with a fullness and eloquence and insight beyond comparison ancient or modern. The subject on which I am writing might perhaps have been settled in a single word—Shakespeare. There, at any rate, almost all the world would be in agreement. But leave out Shakespeare. Think of some of our novelists: what a light they throw on the good and great, the humorous and serious elements in the Englishman's world, within and without! A happier race of writers never flourished. They have not neglected the shadows of our life, but in the end and quite naturally theirs is the effect of a golden sunshine. They rejoice in the cleverness of nature.

Wessex and Barset

J. B. Priestley has paid them the tribute of one who has a special right to speak of them: 'Our great writers of fiction are all very different, but nevertheless they are all alike in this—that they are able to present to us vital figures, in whose existence, no matter how wild and strange they may be, we are compelled to believe while we are reading.' Occasionally one of these writers has insisted on the tragic tale rather than the pleasant ending, Thomas Hardy, for example. Yet, even in the instance of Hardy, the entire effect of the Wessex Novels is one of courage, and loyalty, and healthy open ways, and skilful and courteous communities, and a deep seeking for peace and order. Had the case been otherwise, there would never have been such a number of pilgrimages into Dorset by those who found their best moods realised in many a favourite page of Hardy's old England.

Then there is Trollope, with his Barsetshire, exhibiting us to ourselves with the most amusing artfulness, but always liking us even in our frailty, never lapsing into malice—refusing to consider himself as placed on any sort of eminence from which to pass final judgment, sharing in the whole give and take of the society he sets going.

Power and Gentleness

If the spirit of England were to be judged through the novels of Trollope, there would not be much to be afraid of. And it is not only in his characters and what they do with life that he leaves a gladness on the mind—he too, in his way, like Hardy with his marvellous interludes of rural description, depicts an England of town and village and corn exchange and walled garden which we know to be true. The union of power and gentleness which has resulted in manor-houses and cottages throughout the land, and has crowned every few miles of the scene with some gray steeple among companionable elms and aspens, is within the English nature invisibly as it is visible to every wayfarer. When the masterly writers come among us in their turns, they do not need to struggle for such things. Trollope is a capital instance of this; in his 'Autobiography' he tells us how he used to write his tales, so many thousand words at a stretch, like any other job of work. But the spirit of England was in him, and swiftly took a hand at the job.

It is natural that at times of marked emergency, when there has appeared some uncommon menace to the English inheritance, writers of genius have been moved to reconsider and to illustrate that inheritance with more than wonted

zeal. Like other Englishmen, they have not flaunted their patriotism, but under troubled skies it has burned with a pure flame.

Cowper's 'Favourite Elms'

In the anxious days that preceded the French Revolution, quiet William Cowper was inspired to describe what he found exquisitely precious in his walks in our country places, and to invoke in his countrymen those honourable and selfless resolutions which ultimately meant the preservation of that sweet and fruitful England. It is still alive.

Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in his bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our favourite elms
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond and overthwart the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear;
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.
Scenes must be beautiful which daily view'd
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.
Praise justly due to those that I describe.

So Cowper pointed out, in one manifestation, the spirit of England, well knowing that in the picture was to be found the quality of her children.

A few years later, when European affairs had come to a tremendous crisis and when Napoleon was planning the last chapter of our history in terms of blockade and invasion, it happened that we were blessed by the rise of several truly remarkable poets, who surveyed past, present and future with far-seeing minds and uttered their visions with nobility of manner. Such were that pair of friends, Wordsworth and Coleridge; men very dissimilar in personality, but equally gifted in understanding what England is and means to civilisation. In their meditations and odes, once more, we have the double nature of the theme: both set before us outward shows of our country, and both assert the virtues of the nation.

Coleridge's 'Sweet Sensations'

These poets, in their work, have not grown stale or old. With Coleridge we may to-day gaze for a moment, as though we had never really looked before, on some beloved locality, the composite handiwork of nature and our forefathers. With him we may voice something of what we feel after such moments:

O native Britain! O my Mother Isle!
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in nature,

All lovely and all honourable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrowed from my country.

From Wordsworth came a succession of sonnets, often written when the country's situation took some ominous turn, always revealing with perfect brightness the spiritual resources by which England could and would overcome it; and these pieces dedicated to independence and liberty remain as a clue to the national greatness when crisis challenges.

'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought.

Surprising People

Even the ironical figure of Byron, for all his jests at the expense of John Bull, really comes at last into the circle of those who have honoured the spirit of England. In those dashing cantos which bring his Don Juan to London,

On! on! through meadows, managed like a garden,
A paradise of hops and high production,

and in the other which describes at leisure his Newstead Abbey 'embosomed in a happy valley', one discerns an undercurrent of longing and affection. The illustrious exile, had he survived his campaign for Greek freedom, would certainly have hailed the opportunity to return home and acquire a new and calmer force. However he disguised it, the English secret fascinated him; and it was the secret of his own astonishing lifework too. For it has been England's gift, time out of mind, to bring forth individualists, surprising people, men and women who appear to be utterly diverse from their kin; and yet in the midst of their startling activities we may find that they still belong to and express the English way.

'Brimful of Patriotism'

One more personality can hardly ever be omitted when the spirit of England is being discussed. Dr. Johnson would have pretended to see little to the purpose in poets who relate the mellow beauty and ancient order of this land to the deeply founded principles and splendid aims of Englishmen. But he knew the secret as well as anybody. He was pleased with a reminiscence of his early days in London, when he and his friend Savage were wretchedly poor: 'one night in particular, when Savage and he walked round St. James's Square for want of a lodging, they were not at all depressed by their situation; but, in high spirits and brimful of patriotism, traversed the square for several hours, inveighed against the minister, and "resolved they would *stand by their country*".'

And that takes me back again in memory to those scarcely more affluent but equally characteristic Englishmen with whom these remarks began, and whose kind has by no means diminished in the land.

Tortoise to Tank

by CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART

In the last war the newly-invented Tank was used as an infantry spearhead. In this war the Germans have used it as if it were cavalry. Capt. Liddell Hart had long foreseen that development: here he traces the Tank's ancestry, and repeats his warning.

By the verdict of the Germans, the tank was the chief military instrument of their defeat in the last war. Ludendorff himself described the British surprise attack with a mass of tanks on August 8, 1918, as 'the black day of the German Army in the history of the war', and added that such tank attacks 'remained thereafter our most dangerous enemies'. His confession gained point from the fact that he had been responsible for Germany's neglect to build tanks.

More striking still was the remark of General von Zwehl—'It was not the genius of Marshal Foch which beat us, but "General Tank".'

After such a vindication of a new instrument which had been strongly resisted by the heads of the Army which finally prevailed by means of it, it would have been reasonable to expect that the tank would be given a prominent place in the post-war British forces. Such expectations, however, did not take full account of the power of tradition and the instinct of conservatism—especially when reinforced by the economic demand for retrenchment. When money has to be saved in a long-established service, it is usually the newest-born element that is sacrificed—for the preservation of the old and obsolete. The latter become sacred through habit and affection. Thus the infantry of the post-war Army were maintained at almost the pre-war level, apart from the disbandment of the Irish regiments. Even the cavalry, who had proved so ineffective, were only reduced from twenty-eight to twenty regiments. But no more than four tank battalions were allowed in the new establishment—compared with 136 infantry battalions.

In mechanised ideas and design, however, we still kept the lead. And for a time forged still further ahead under the impetus of a new current of military thought which had been generated by some of the younger minds in the British Army. Their advocacy of mechanisation inevitably threatened important vested interests—in a military and social sense. This naturally intensified the innate conservatism of the older school.

A delightfully characteristic example of the traditional view was provided by a speech which Lord Haig made in 1925, at the time I published a little book entitled *Paris—or the Future of War*. He remarked:

'*Some enthusiasts to-day talk about the*

probability of horses becoming extinct, and prophesy that the aeroplane, the tank and the motor-car will supersede the horse in future wars. I believe that the value of the horse and the opportunity for the horse in the future are likely to be as great as ever . . . I am all for using aeroplanes and tanks, but they are only accessories to the man and the horse, and I feel sure that as time goes on you will find just as much use for the horse—the well-bred horse—as you have ever done in the past.'

More surprising, perhaps, was the way some of the shrewdest military historians could mistake the trend of warfare—or overestimate the chance that armies would profit by experience. Recently I came upon a letter received in 1932 from an official historian who had the best of opportunities for distilling the lessons of the last war towards ensuring our readiness for the next. In it, referring to a new book of mine, *The British Way in Warfare*, he wrote: 'Any tank that shows its nose in the open will, in my opinion, be knocked out at once . . . The wars you and Fuller imagine are past.'

Unfortunately, they were not. The German Command showed as much enthusiasm towards the new idea as the British displayed scepticism. They translated the British way in warfare, not merely in text but in fact, into the German way in warfare. Eight years later they proved its applicability to the future. Unfortunately, neither we nor the French were prepared, in mind or in means, to apply the appropriate antidote—a swift counterstroke by adequate mechanised forces.

A right understanding of the present situation, and its problems, requires a knowledge of the background. It is

Photograph from the Imperial War Museum

INFANTRY, 1916.—An early British tank takes part in the attack on Thiepval. Note the anti-bomb roof

thus important to trace the evolution of what M. Reynaud termed the 'new conception of warfare'. For its potency lay in a change from, rather than a continuance of, the original idea which gave birth to the tank of the last war.

The pedigree of that epoch-making machine has been confused by the fact that before the time when the camouflage name 'tank' was invented, the machine was known as a 'landship' or 'land cruiser'. Such a title, due to its being mothered in infancy by the Admiralty, however prophetic of its future, is far from applicable to its past, in the last war. Regarded as a landship, or even as an armoured battle-car, the tank has a very mixed ancestry. Among its forbears might be included the ancient war-chariot, the Hussite war carts which formed their famous *wagenburg*, even, with some show of reason, the battle elephants of Pyrrhus.

If the search be limited to self-moving as distinct from men or animal-moved machines, its origin might be traced to Valturio's wind-propelled war chariot of 1472, or to the proposals made by that many-sided genius, Leonardo da Vinci, to his patron Ludovico Sforza.

CAVALRY, 1940.—A modern German tank advances through a devastated French village

In 1599 Simon Stevin constructed for the Prince of Orange two actual landships, wheel-borne and sail-propelled. As far back as 1634, David Ramsey took out the earliest patent for a self-moving car capable of use in war. So through an endless chain of experiments the origin might be traced. The caterpillar track itself—perhaps, in general opinion, the distinctive feature of the tank—goes back to the early nineteenth century, or even to Richard Edgeworth's device of 1770.

If the definition be drawn still closer to mean a petrol-driven tracked machine for military use, the Hornsby tractor, used at Aldershot in 1908, takes precedence of the American Holt tractor in the ancestry of the tank. If the use of 'tank-like' machines as weapons be the test, then Mr. H. G. Wells deserves the credit popularly accorded him for priority of conception, although his prophetic story of 1903 in the *Strand Magazine* was itself twenty years behind the writings and drawings of M. Albert Robeida in *La Caricature;* if similarity of design, then one recalls Mr. L. E. de Mole's model, superior to the 1916 tank, which was pigeon-holed in the War Office in 1912. To these we may add also the Nottingham plumber whose hobby it was to make toy machines of this nature, and whose design, submitted to the War Office in 1911, and duly pigeon-holed, was unearthed after the war, the file bearing the terse official comment 'the man's mad'.

Derived from the Romans

Any such historical attempt to trace the evolution of the machine which emerged in the last war tends, however, to miss the real point. In a practical sense, the test of its origin is tactical rather than technical—arising from its purpose. This was to find a solution for the deadlock which had developed, on the Western Front, from the paralysing power of entrenched machine-guns combined with barbed wire entanglements.

The tanks then used were slow machines, most of them moving little faster than a man's walking pace, but of big obstacle-crossing capacity. Their function was to act as an armoured spearhead for the infantry advance. They were devised to solve the problem of siege-warfare—since the situation which had arisen on the Western Front reproduced, on a vaster scale, the conditions of the old-time siege of a beleaguered fortress. For that reason the ancestry of the last-war tank may be traced back to the movable tower and the *testudo*, or 'tortoise', both of which played so prominent a part in the siegecraft of the ancient world.

Testudo and *Phalanx*

The use of movable towers together with battering rams is first mentioned at the siege of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar in 587 B.C. But it was the Romans who perfected these engines of war. Their siege towers were made of timber covered with rope mats and raw hides as a protection against fire. They were moved on solid wheels, and ranged in height from 70 to 150 feet—carrying one or two rams on the ground floor, catapults and other missile engines on the upper floors, and archers on the top floor.

The *testudo* was the name originally given to the protective formation adopted by the storming troops, who advanced with shields interlocked above their heads to ward off missiles thrown down from the walls — thus resembling a turtle's shell. The term was later applied to a penthouse on wheels, designed to shelter a battering-ram — which, as it was operated, looked like a tortoise thrusting its head out of its shell and drawing it back again. Thus the Roman *testudo*, in either of its forms, had functions similar to those for which the tank was produced.

Yet in a broader interpretation of its role as the spearhead of the infantry attack, the tank of the last war was the heir of the ancient phalanx. This close-linked formation was developed by

the Greeks, and its basic principle of solidity at the expense of mobility ran counter to the Roman practice—save in the special circumstances for which they used the tortoise formation.

Depth and armour gave the phalanx solidity, and the ten-foot Doric spear gave it striking power. These assets explain the success of the Greek hoplites, few in numbers, against the poorly armed Persian mass. But it was not suited to exploit a penetration fast or far, so that its battles were commonly indecisive. And its inflexibility made it vulnerable when it met an opponent able to take advantage of its exposed flanks.

The Idealised Drill-Sergeant

That weakness was probed by the Theban Epaminondas at the expense of the ultra-military Spartans, a people who learnt nothing from generations of military success, and dug their own pitfall by making the drill-sergeant their highest military ideal. Epaminondas thinned his own right wing and held it back just out of reach, while his reinforced left wing crushed the right wing of an opponent whose formation was too stiff and thickset to execute a counter-manœuvre. Two thousand years later Frederick the Great revived this device in his famous 'oblique order'.

A fresh step forward came when Philip of Macedon added the resources and experiences of Greece to his own. From his rich nobility he produced a well-armed force of cavalry; from his hardy peasantry, a skilled light infantry; and with these he combined a more efficient phalanx armed with the 20-foot *sarissa*, or pike. The user of this lengthened weapon had the advantage of being able to strike while he himself was out of reach. Philip's son, Alexander the Great, applied this flexible fighting mechanism in carrying out an improved form of oblique attack. In this, the phalanx served as a stable yet movable and offensive pivot upon which the cavalry could manœuvre, while the light infantry acted as a mobile link. To use the metaphor of individual combat—the infantry arm could grip the enemy by the throat, while the cavalry arm swung in with the knock-out blow.

Elastically hinged Cavalry

After Alexander's death, his instrument was allowed to become rusty. Thus the Greek formation, solidifying, was finally overthrown and superseded by a mechanism more flexible than itself.

This was also an infantry instrument—the Roman legion. In its early form the legion had some degree of flexibility through its distribution in three lines and its lateral division in separate maniples. But it proved incapable of coping with a real power of manœuvre such as Hannibal's army possessed. In that army the elastically hinged cavalry wings had both the power and the mobility to exploit the disorganisation which the commander's art had created. When Hannibal at last met his match it was because he was opposed by a Roman of the younger school, not too proud to learn, who had provided himself with superior cavalry while making the legion even more flexible. In Scipio's victory at Zâma the pupil beat the master.

The Romans, like so many armies before and since, forgot the lessons which they had culled from defeat to produce victory. For a time, a time that must be measured in centuries, the legionary foot maintained their high standard. But the cavalry were allowed to decline. Ultimately the legion lost its tactical mobility—it began to grow

stiff in the joints, rusted by sedentary garrison service. Its knell was sounded at Adrianople in A.D. 378, when disaster was due less to the shock-power of the mounted Goths than to the legion's lost power of changing front to meet flank attacks.

Long-bow and Long-spear

The Empire recovered from this disaster for a time, but the legion did not. The great Byzantine generals such as Belisarius and Narses relied on their newly-forged cavalry arm, composed of horse-archers and heavy armoured cavalry, the former to screen and pave the way for the launching of the latter, as in the modern mixed tank battalion. They cared little for their infantry, who became mere occupiers of positions.

Then for centuries, far into the Middle Ages, infantry lapsed into a mere residue. Revival was due to two contrasting developments—the long-bow and the long-spear. The English archer with his long-bow compassed the downfall of the feudal knight, who had increased his armour at the expense of his essential mobility. The Scottish, Flemish, and Swiss pikemen, all sturdy fighters for independence, achieved a similar success by reviving both the spirit and the spear-hedged phalanx of the ancient Greek communities. Thus infantry as a real arm came back into mediæval warfare.

The next phase saw the combination of these two branches of the infantry arm. This combination came to full development with the advent of fire-arms. The Spanish infantry, so long the admiration and terror of Renaissance Europe, welded arquebusiers and pike-men into a single body, a massive square with the arquebusiers and later the musketeers at the corners. It was virtually a slow-motion fortress.

This met its match in the Swedish infantry of Gustavus Adolphus, the first great tactical reformer of modern times. He reduced the depth of his formation to increase the fire-front, and broke it up into small fragments, each of them flexible like the Roman maniple. The Swedish 'legion' soon proved its superiority to the Spanish 'phalanx'.

But atrophy set in after Gustavus's death, and infantry tended to lapse back into a residue. Its decline was accompanied by a revival of cavalry, already initiated by Gustavus himself, who, like Scipio, had trained his mounted arm to be a real striking arm, operating decisively on the flanks of the offensive infantry pivot. Under Cromwell, Condé and Turenne, this tendency was accentuated. Cromwell, indeed, relied almost as exclusively on his mounted arm as had Belisarius.

Men as Machines

The invention of the socket-bayonet led to a fusion of the two infantry branches—musketeers and pikemen. But it did not suffice to restore functional equality to infantry until Frederick the Great showed how high training could develop both the manœuvrability and the fire-power of infantry. He drilled his men into machines capable of firing five volleys a minute with the flintlock muzzle-loader, and of keeping up this series of volleys while advancing to close quarters. As a result, fire not merely paved the way for the bayonet-charge but in reality superseded it.

Moreover, Frederick developed his cavalry to such a pitch of strength and speed that under him it enjoyed its final spell as the decisive arm. His army was the last that was not lopsided—the last in which the disorganising power of

skilled infantry was equalled by the finishing power of the cavalry. But the subsequent decline of cavalry may be traced to Frederick. For it was the impetus he gave to fire-power which paralysed the impetus of cavalry—owing to the target which the horse offers to well-aimed fire.

Enter the Tank

The decisiveness of battle declined with the growing disability of cavalry. The mounted arm has always, and naturally, been the decisive arm—not because it could shatter an enemy's solid formation, but because it alone could move quick enough to exploit any disorder which occurred in that formation. The 'heroic' battle-painters and chroniclers have helped to obscure this essential fact—the decisive charges of cavalry usually took place after the scales of battles had been tilted, or they took the form of a counter-stroke. In either case they have been a sequel to the enemy's temporary disorganisation, created by superior generalship or a penetration made by other arms.

During the last war the 'disorganising' role was assumed by the artillery, and later by the newly invented tank, while the infantry rarely did more than occupy the ground from which the opposing infantry had been shaken. But the opportunity for a decision thus created was never fulfilled, in the West, because the mounted arm was suffering from senile paralysis.

After the war the chief army in Europe, the French, continued to regard the tank as no more than a new spearhead of the infantry arm—of which it formed part in the French Army. Most of the other armies followed suit. But a new prospect opened when British designers produced, in 1923, a tank capable of a speed up to 25 miles per hour.

Study of history now proved of value to anyone who was exploring the problems of future warfare. In my own case it provided a clue to the potential significance of the new type of fast tank. Lighting up the future by reflection from the past, it showed me that tanks were 'not an extra arm or a mere aid to infantry, but the modern form of heavy cavalry'. From that view it followed, as I wrote, that 'their true military use is obvious—to be concentrated and used in as large masses as possible for a decisive blow against the Achilles' heel of the enemy army, the communications and command centres which form its nerve system. . . . On the battlefields of the future may be repeated the triumphs of an Arbela, a Cannæ, a Zama, and an Austerlitz. . . . Thus to paraphrase—"The cavalry is dead! Long live the cavalry!"'

The Tank as Cavalry

This idea, that the post-war tank force should take a form that would resurrect the historic cavalry role, was my constant theme in the years that followed. It made slow headway in the higher military quarters, who were sceptical of its possibilities—though it came to be shared by most of the tank corps officers, who, by 1934, had perfected a new technique on such lines.

Unfortunately, the idea appealed to the imagination of Germany's new leaders much more strongly than to the old-aged leadership of Britain and France. And, having grasped its significance, they made haste to provide the necessary means for translating it into reality. The month of May 1940 witnessed its fulfilment.

Resources of Empire

by WALTER HILL

Food, Fuels, Metals, Textiles. Under these main headings the Trade and Industry Editor of 'The Economist' here examines in detail our Empire's natural wealth, which, he says, compares most favourably with that of German-controlled Europe.

If we are to bring the Nazis to their knees we must secure superiority in both staying and striking power. We must be strong enough to resist their attacks, and we must ultimately beat them by the qualitative and quantitative superiority of our arms. Have we the resources to master the Nazis even though they are now in control of virtually the whole Continent of Europe?

The *potential* staying and striking power of Britain and Germany can be measured by the magnitude of the resources at their command. In the case of Britain, these do not only include those of the British Empire and of her allies, but also the large quantities of food, raw materials and munitions which she can buy in foreign countries, such as the United States and Argentina. Similarly, in assessing Germany's potential strength, we must take account of Italy's resources, as well as those of France and of all the other countries over which the Nazis now hold sway.

In foodstuffs and in the majority of industrial raw materials our advantage over the Nazis is very great. As a result of the extension of the British blockade to the countries conquered by the Nazis, and of the rationing of the remaining European neutrals, Germany is now denied access to non-European sources of supply. She may be able to secure certain commodities from Russia; but that country, even if it were willing to assist Germany, has little to spare. In the main, Germany's supplies are therefore confined to what Europe can produce.

Britain, on the other hand, can draw, not only on the vast food and raw material resources of the Empire, but also on those of the rest of the world, and to a far greater extent than hitherto. Continental Europe has in the past been one of the best markets for the foods and raw materials produced by the great exporters of these commodities, such as Latin America; in 1938, for example, Argentina and Brazil sent more than forty per cent of their total exports to the Continent. As the Continental market is now closed to these countries, the supply of foods and of many raw materials on which Britain can draw in many cases far exceeds her potential requirements.

So long as we can bring these

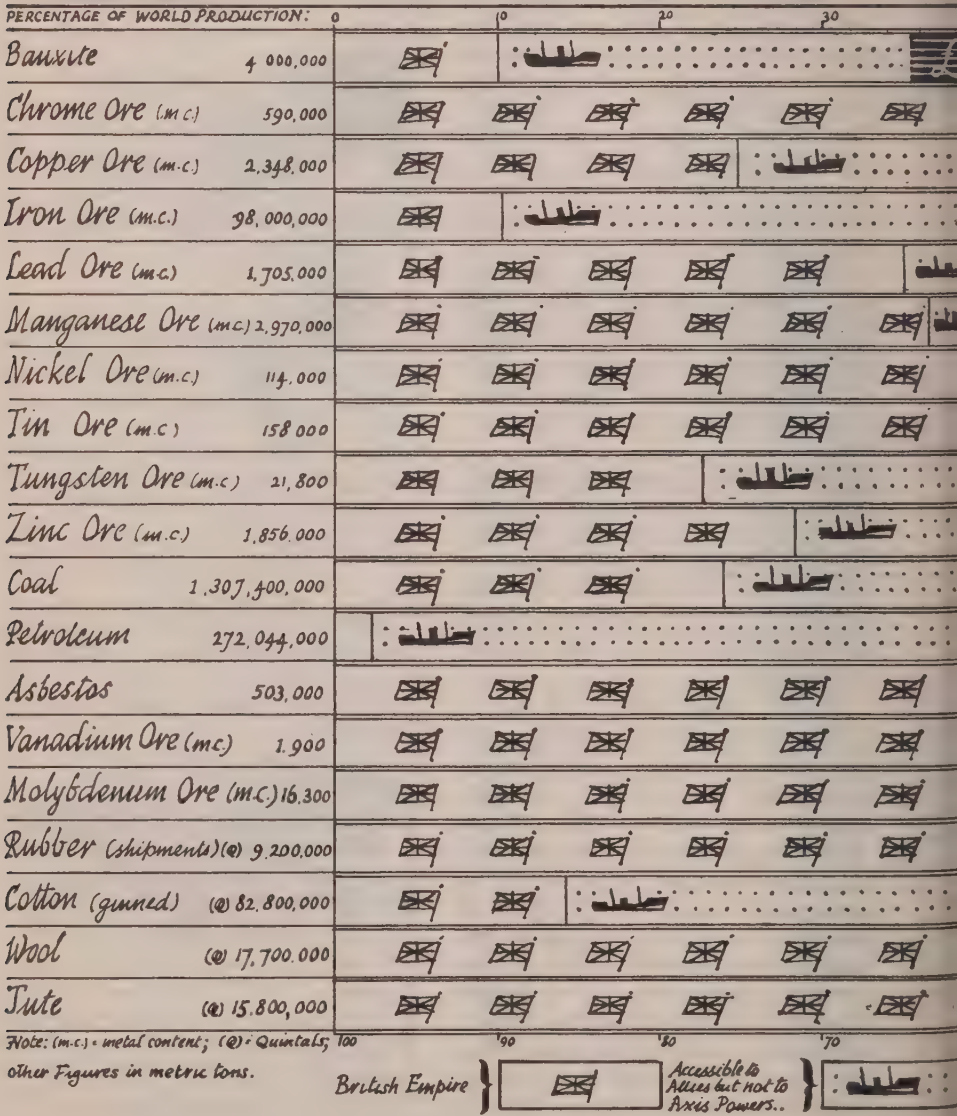
supplies safely to port, we are not likely to suffer any serious shortages. Hitherto Germany's attempts at blockading Britain have been unsuccessful. Our stocks of imported foodstuffs are in many cases appreciably higher than at the outbreak of the war; and the flow of raw materials reaching these shores has been uninterrupted. True, we have lost 1,165,000 gross tons of merchant ships between September 3rd, 1939, and July 28th, 1940; and the virtual cessation of trade with the Continent and of traffic through the Mediterranean has forced us to carry some of our supplies over longer distances. But these disadvantages have been fully offset by the construction of new ships, by the seizure of enemy vessels, and by the large number of vessels put at our disposal by Norway and other countries.

The Nazis have now redoubled their efforts to cut our communications with the rest of the world, relying chiefly on the bomber. But the submarine was conquered in 1917–18; and the Nazi bomber will share the submarine's fate if we keep our gallant airmen supplied with fighters.

Food Supplies

The food production of the Empire is very large, but its potential output is greater still. Hitherto the only limit upon production has been the difficulty of finding additional markets. Indeed, the Empire as a unit is capable of producing a good deal more food than it consumes. It may seem strange at first sight that Britain is still drawing part of its food supplies from non-Empire countries, while the Empire buys some of its manufactures in foreign countries. But then, the Empire has always traded freely with the rest of the world, exporting the commodities which it can

RAW MATERIALS



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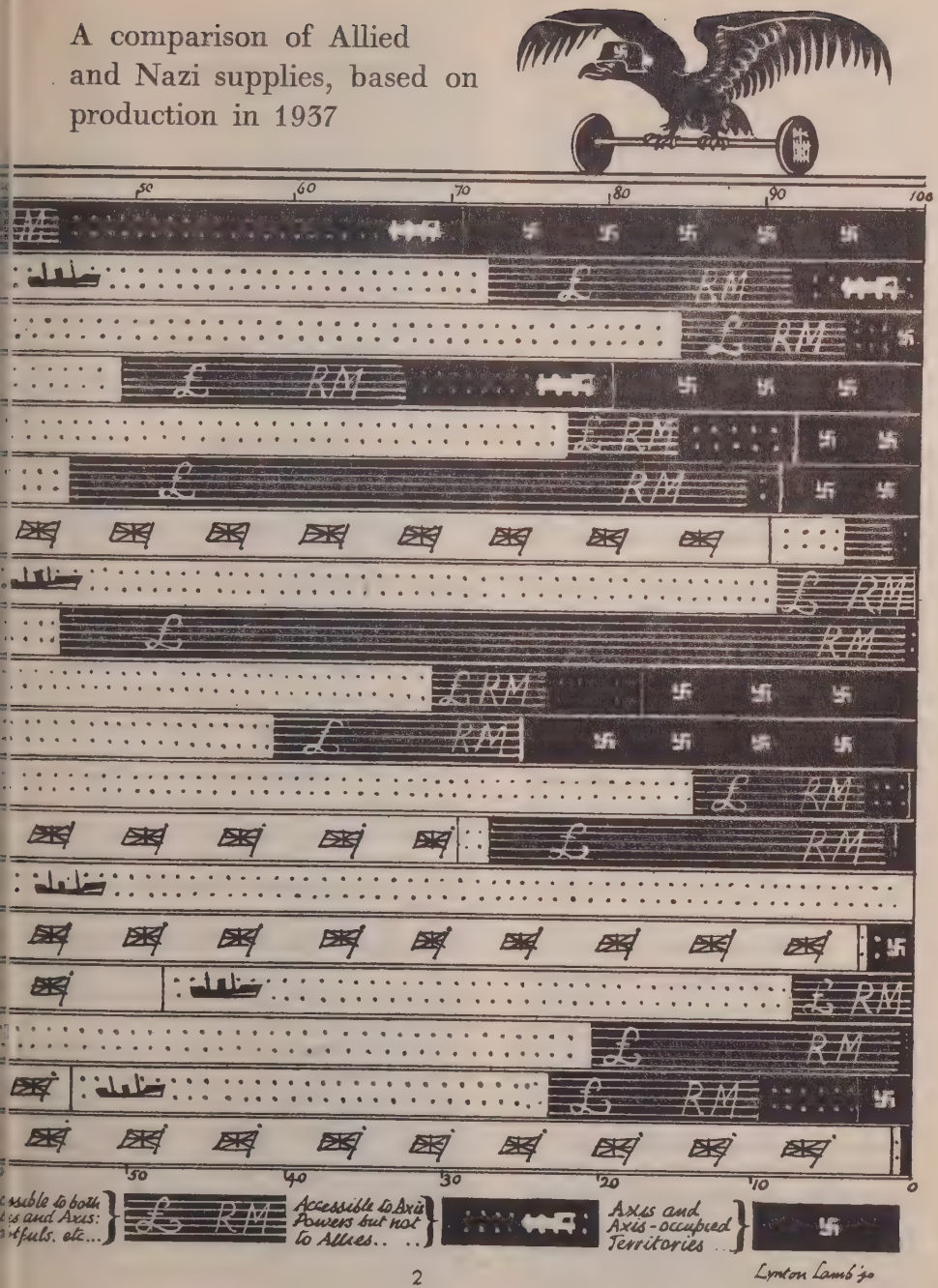
A comparison of Allied and Nazi supplies, based on production in 1937



2

Lynton Lamb '40

produce most cheaply and importing the goods which other countries can furnish more advantageously. In 1937, for example, 68.6 per cent of the Empire's total foreign trade was with foreign countries. We have never thought of regarding the Empire as a closed unit, for this would have been the negation of the liberal principles on which it has been built up and it would have hindered progress, both in the Empire and in the rest of the world. In case of need, however, the Empire's output of food could be substantially increased at short notice.

But while the Empire bulges with food supplies and, in addition, can draw upon the resources of the other big exporting countries, Germany and the countries under her control, hemmed in by the British blockade, cannot obtain enough. Apart from potatoes, the Continent of Europe as a whole normally imports substantial quantities of cereals and other basic foods required for the support of its human and animal population, and it has to buy abroad virtually all the conventional luxuries, such as coffee, tea, cocoa, tobacco. Hitler's Europe will not only be short of foodstuffs, but it will have to do without the conventional luxuries.

The Famine Threat

Reports of impending mass-starvation, however, are exaggerated: although this year's harvests may be poor, there will be enough food to prevent wholesale starvation, *provided* Germany is willing to distribute it on a basis of equality. But the belts will have to be tightened, and in order to prevent a revolt in the countries under their control the Nazis will naturally try to put the blame for any shortages on to Britain's blockade. The British Government, however, is making the necessary preparations to pour large quantities of food into Europe the moment it has been rid of the Nazi tyranny. Any relaxation of the blockade *now* would only assist the Nazis in carrying on the war.

In raw materials Britain's advantages over Germany are equally marked. Not only is the Empire itself a producer of vast quantities of essential materials, but, as in the case of foodstuffs, we can also draw on the immense resources of the rest of the world.

See the Diagram

The accompanying diagram reveals the relative magnitude of the supplies of nineteen important raw materials to which Britain and Germany have access. It shows, first, the proportion of the world's total supplies produced by the British Empire and by Germany, Italy and the territories occupied by them; second, the sources of supply to which Britain and Germany have exclusive access; and, third, those to which both the Allies and the Nazis have access. The figures on which the diagram is based relate, in the main, to the year 1937. They reveal the overwhelming superiority of the Allies over the Nazis. If the diagram had been based on potential instead of on the actual output the preponderance of the resources to which Britain has access would be considerably greater.

The map shows the Empire and allied countries which produce these raw materials, together with their distance from Britain. Britain's and Germany's supplies may be considered under three heads: fuel, metals, and textiles.

FUEL: The output of coal in the British Empire and in Germany and her

2

satellites is roughly equal. But in recent years Britain has exported about 30 million tons annually to the Continent; the absence of these supplies cannot be readily made good by the territories under German occupation.

Mineral oil is one of the few important commodities in which the Empire is seriously deficient, its proportion of world production being only two per cent. But in addition to its own production, the British Empire has access to the vast resources, many of them British controlled, of the rest of the world.

Nazi Oil Supplies

Europe, on the other hand, is by no means rich in oil. Rumania, the biggest producer, supplies just over 6 million tons per annum. Germany (including Austria, Czechoslovakia and German-occupied Poland) cannot produce more than 5 million tons annually under the most favourable assumptions. Her estimated output not only includes her production of mineral oil, but also the fuel produced from coal and by all other methods. The output of the remaining European petroleum-producing countries to which Germany has access—France, Albania and Hungary—is under one million tons per annum. The total quantity of oil at the disposal of the Nazis cannot exceed 12 million tons annually.

But in a normal year Europe (excluding Spain, Portugal and Turkey) consumes about 27½ million tons of oil per annum. Even if private motoring is prohibited and consumption for other purposes drastically reduced, Europe can scarcely get along with less than about 18 million tons annually without crippling trade and inland transport.

There is, therefore, a gap of at least 6 million tons per annum which the Nazis cannot bridge except by breaking the British blockade. Russia, it is true, produces about 30 million tons of oil a year, but she needs virtually the whole of it herself.

METALS: The metal supplies at the disposal of Britain, too, are greater than those over which Germany has command. In iron ore, the war material *par excellence*, Germany is now better supplied than the British Empire. She now has the exclusive use of the huge deposits in and to the south of Luxemburg and can draw on Swedish, Norwegian and Spanish supplies. But while Germany now has all the iron ore she is likely to require, Britain can import the finished product—steel—direct from the United States. That country can produce about 80 million tons of crude steel per annum, which is almost double the capacity of the countries under Nazi control.

Modern steel requires the admixture of alloy metals, such as manganese, chrome, tungsten, nickel, vanadium, molybdenum and others. These are absolutely essential for the production of tough steels, such as are used in armour, shells and tools. As the diagram shows, these alloys are not available in any quantity to Germany. And so long as the Nazis can be denied them by the British blockade, they will be unable to obtain the full advantage of the iron ore deposits and of the steel-producing capacity over which they have gained control this summer.

Bauxite

So far as non-ferrous metals are concerned, Britain is appreciably better supplied than Germany in copper, lead, zinc and tin. Tin is hardly produced at all either in German-controlled territories or in those to which she still has

access. But, on the basis of production in 1937, she has the advantage in bauxite, the raw material for aluminium which is required in large quantities in the manufacture of aircraft. This advantage Germany has secured by the defeat of France, the biggest bauxite-producing country in Europe. But the production of bauxite in the Empire can be increased fairly rapidly, especially in British Guiana.

TEXTILES: Cut off from non-European sources of supply, the Nazis are completely deprived of cotton and jute, and have very little wool. Indeed, a large part of the big Continental textile industries, with the exception of rayon and linen manufacture, will have to close their factories for lack of raw materials. Britain, in contrast, can command all the textiles she needs.

Manufacturing Capacity

In both foodstuffs and industrial raw materials, therefore, we already have a prepondering superiority over the Nazis. Before the war Continental Europe's manufacturing capacity exceeded that of the British Empire. But Europe's plant and machinery is of little use unless it can be fed with a constant and adequate stream of raw materials. And if we take account of our access to America's industrial capacity, there is no doubt at all that the Allies have the resources to secure a decisive superiority in staying and striking power over the Nazis.

In his book, *Ways and Means of War*, Mr. Geoffrey Crowther has compared the productive capacity of the British Empire and the Belgian and Dutch Colonies with that of Greater Germany, Italy, France, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Poland, Belgium, Denmark and Norway. His calculations show that, in war conditions, the power to produce of Britain and her allies, on the one hand, and of Germany and her satellites on the other hand, is seven to five in favour of Britain. Even if Germany compels the remaining neutral countries on the Continent to harness their economic resources to her own—which is probable—the balance of productive power would still be in favour of Britain, especially if allowance is made for the swelling stream of munitions reaching us from the United States.

From Raw Materials to Victory

But the possession of superior resources alone does not bring victory. We must transform them into guns, aircraft, tanks and other arms, and transform at increasing speed. We must improve our defences against immediate attack; and we must prepare for offensive action to break the military power of the Nazis.

The Nazis have the aggressor's advantage in having started their war preparations years before us; we have the advantage in possessing the bigger resources and, consequently, the means of crushing the enemy, provided we can hold him at bay pending their mobilisation.

To this end we must temporarily devote all our human and material resources to the war, save that part of them which is necessary to maintain the health and efficiency of the population. But when we have succeeded in ridding the world of the Nazis we can devote them once more to improvement in the material well-being of the people. And the scope for further progress is immense, for the Empire's productive capacity has as yet been scarcely scratched.

WOMAN OF THE MONTH

Stella, Lady Reading

by JUNE HEAD

The W.V.S.—Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defence—though founded only in June 1938, has become the largest organisation of its kind in the world. This achievement springs largely from the efficiency, drive and personality of the woman at its head: Stella, Marchioness of Reading.

In May 1938, when it became apparent that women would have to do their share in helping to run the civil defence of the country, Sir Samuel Hoare, who had been approached by representatives of various women's organisations—anxious to be of service but a little puzzled as to how they could set about it—went to call on Lady Reading. She is the kind of person to whom people instinctively turn in emergency. She has a commanding presence, a humorous eye, a deep, precise voice, and the kind of energy that never expends itself in trivial words or gestures.

The result of this visit was that in June of the same year the women's organisations found themselves incorporated in The Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defence. By October the whole country was alive to the fact of A.R.P. To-day the W.V.S. is the largest organisation of its kind in the world, with an enrolled membership of 700,000.

To speak of the Chairman of the W.V.S. as 'the Dowager Lady Reading' is socially correct, but oddly misleading. It would be difficult to imagine a woman more intrinsically representative of the active qualities of youth than Stella Reading—or, for that matter, more democratic-minded. She has spent most of her life working, and working hard. She had been on Lord Reading's Viceregal staff for six years, when in 1931 she became his second wife. Two weeks after the wedding Lord Reading was recalled from his honeymoon to take office as Foreign Secretary. His wife went back to her desk and back to work.

For five years, until his death, she shared not only her husband's working life but embarked on public activities of her own. She became Chairman of the Personal Service League, tackling the job of supplying the unemployed with clothes. She was J.P. for Deal and Walmer, became a member of the Ullswater Broadcasting Commission, and in addition spent three months touring America and Canada, studying relief work and resettlement schemes. These investigations she carried out incognito, using the name of 'Mrs. Reed' and driving an ancient and battered car.

Running a collective body of the magnitude of the W.V.S. calls for exceptional administrative and organising powers. When that collective body is composed entirely of women, tact and personality are even more essential. Lady Reading has both. She has perfected the technique of getting things done in the right way, by getting the right people to do them. By giving as much responsibility to as many people as possible. By making people realise that they have in themselves potential strength and resource, so that the cry of 'Give us a lead!', which is apt to rise only too readily in moments of crisis, is silenced by the habit of individual initiative.

Getting the Best from People

Lady Reading's capacity for managing people without letting them know they are being managed is exercised most brilliantly at committee meetings. These she directs as an expert conductor directs his orchestra, compelling out of them the balance of harmony that she wants. She has proved that to get the best out of people you must make high demands on them. Treat them as if they were highly valued and their standard of response will be accordingly high.

Her office at the W.V.S. headquarters in Tothill Street is unpretentious, workmanlike. On the wall behind her hangs a large-scale map of England and Scotland, marked out into the twelve civil defence regions where her administrators operate. She has a staff of 320 workers, only 32 of whom are paid; young and energetic women infected with her own insatiable appetite for work.

To hold a responsible position in the W.V.S. does not mean that you must be over fifty and bristling with qualifications. Lady Reading believes in youth; in giving youth a chance to prove itself. The public relations officer at the London W.V.S. headquarters is Mrs. Benn, twenty-seven years old, and Mrs. Aitken at twenty-five controls the overseas publicity. The young people of the W.V.S. themselves designed the becoming dark green uniform which is worn with great effect by all members, from Lady Reading herself to the latest recruit who has performed her 60 hours of service. They are encouraged to devise their own films, showing the many-sided activities of the W.V.S. There are no solemn conferences, no red tape. These young women get together, hatch out an idea, give it a provocative title like the successful 'Britannia is a Woman', get Lady Reading's approval, and then, with the assistance of a newsreel cameraman, get down to work.

This system of working, and the fact that it does work, is due to Lady Reading's flair for character and trust in her own judgement. As a result of it, all the helpers in the W.V.S. share the feeling that their work is fun, that there is enjoyment as well as necessity in the doing of it.

The Under-Fifties

That Lady Reading should champion the cause of the under-fifties is only fair, because she herself is well under fifty. But it isn't, after all, a question of fairness; it all comes back to that intangible matter of personality. The first impression on meeting her is of serenity. Yet her life is made up of rapid journeys all over the country. She spends three days a week touring the counties; she has motored 45,000 miles and covered several thousand more by train in the two years in which she has been working for the W.V.S. If there has been heavy bombing

somewhere, she visits the scene to see for herself how her organisation is working. In emergencies she has a knack of turning up at the right moment. When she is in her office her staff know that they are working at a hundred per cent capacity. When she returns after an absence, they realise that they have only been putting in an eighty per cent of effort.

Lady Reading is of Greek origin, and there is a classical composure both in her appearance and her personality. Her calmness in the midst of such concentrated activity may have come from growing up as the middle child of a large family. It might also have something to do with the fact that her hobby is gardening, and that she has, like all gardeners, developed a capacity for thrusting irrelevant things out of mind and concentrating on the job in hand. When she can, she retreats to her cottage in Sussex, and works in her garden. She has no time, and little use, for a conventional social life, and she abhors any kind of publicity that savours of 'intimate detail'.

'Lady Reading has perfected the technique of getting things done.'

But this remarkable woman's secret rests more than anything in her curious ability both to exert a commanding personality and conceal it. The concealment is not deliberate; it grows out of her genuine interest in other people.

This quality is illustrated by an anecdote she herself tells with an enjoyment that has, like her whole sense of humour, an astringent quality. She was travelling by train, and a man in the compartment, observing her uniform, became conversational on the subject of the W.V.S.

'My wife's in it too,' he confided. 'She runs a canteen. Now what do you do?'

'I,' said Lady Reading, 'work at headquarters.'

'Ah. Secretarial?'

'I write letters and that kind of thing,' Lady Reading admitted.

'Oh, well,' her companion consoled her, 'that's useful work too. You can't all of you have important jobs.'

Maltese Crossroads

AIR-RAIDED a hundred times since the war began, the Maltese Islands are second only to Gibraltar as the key to Britain's power in the Mediterranean. They control our trade through the Suez Canal, and our reinforcements to Egypt. Only sixty miles of choppy sea separate them from Sicily: the African mainland is but 180 miles away. From Malta Napoleon once sailed against Egypt, to his disaster. Natural harbours abound here, notably the Grand and Quarantine harbours on Malta itself, which is about as big as Jersey.

Valletta, the Baroque capital, is one huge fortress built on bastions of rock. Here the P. & O. liners call en route for the East. Here sailors of every nation find entertainment. Here tourists on lazy Mediterranean cruises pass a few hours staring at the remains of Megalithic temples beloved of archæologists, and hold parties on shipboard. Here, above all, is a mighty military and naval station with floating docks, refitting yards, air base, magazines, stores. Small battleships are built here. In wartime the islands' congested population of 262,000 is curfewed, and £200,000 has been spent on deep A.R.P. shelters for them.

Phœnician, Greek, Italian, Arab and Norman blood mingle in the thrifty, industrious Maltese. Their language is of Phœnician origin. Thirty per cent speak English; about 14 per cent Italian. Oddly, the Maltese (until recently) were still tried in Italian-speaking law courts.

After belonging to the Roman and Byzantine Empires, after Arab and Norman invasions, Malta, as an independent state under the Knights of St. John, resisted the Turks during two centuries. In 1565 this 'island fortress', led by these 'fighting monks' in the famous siege, held out against the Sultan's 38,000 men with only 9,000 defenders, crippled his fleet, and so helped to save Christianity. The Knights were commanded by La Valette (hence the capital's name). The eight-pointed Maltese Cross is their emblem.

It became a self-governing colony in 1921. In 1930, owing to the interference of the pro-Italian Archbishop, the Constitution was suspended. Re-established in 1932, it was suspended again in 1933 owing to the illegal acts of the pro-Italian party in power. Since then a limited form of self-government has been given. The party of Lord Strickland, indefatigable champion of Britain, now has a two-to-one majority.

Maltese industry is small; but fruit, livestock and 10,000 intensively-cultivated farms are productive. Women and children make the famous Maltese lace. Malta is not self-supporting: the islands could only live for three months on home-produced food. A. J.

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Life after the War

by CADMUS

Only a spiritual approach can provide us with a goal. Co-operation is the law of the universe. Evolution from nation-state to continental unit is the next step. The 'New Collectivism' must reconcile freedom with planning.

We are living to-day the epic of Civilisation. We shall fight better if we can envisage a new world after victory. Thinkers such as H. G. Wells tell us of the prosperity we may enjoy if we conduct ourselves peaceably. But what is the purpose of all this? Suppose I don't want to live in Mr. Wells's tranquil world order? Suppose I prefer to behave like a young Nazi, and promote chaos; why shouldn't I? Alas, the reason alone cannot answer this question. Only what philosophers call the use of the emotion can supply us with our purpose.

Why are we here at all? It is our first duty to find out. This, not by cleaving to ready-made religions, but by contemplation—by a constant search for Truth. Some will approach nearer to Truth than others; but all can make a considerable advance. A main difficulty is whether man should concentrate on the nobler enjoyments of this life, as the Greeks imagined, or whether he should prepare mainly for the 'higher things', as the Brahmins believe. But in either case it will be found that the law of the universe is harmony—co-operation amongst creatures. Meanwhile, this life has got to be lived; and it must be lived in this same harmony. This brings us to the status of the individual.

The individual has a double status. He is an individual—but he is also a member of the community. He resembles the captain of a ship. He commands his own vessel. But he must carry out certain movements in relation to all other vessels in the fleet. To employ another metaphor, his position is 'federal'. He must work in with the Federation; but, as with a state of the American Union, there are certain spheres in which he must remain the sole arbiter. This constitutes the inalienable rights of man.

Again, while the niche which one man must occupy to be happy is in a sense higher than that of another, all men should be regarded as equal members of an essential Order, which could be compared to the Order of the Knights of the Round Table.

There are two spheres in which our essential co-operation has got to be worked out. First, there must be some form of co-operation between the seventy-odd 'nation-states'. The present nation-states are but half-way houses. They are themselves but recent agglomerations of smaller units—of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, in Germany; of Rome, Piedmont, Naples, in Italy—which

were still functioning when our grandfathers were born. The final consummation must be a federation (not a soulless uniformity) of the whole world.

Planning—with Liberty

The next practical step, however, lies immediately before us. Pan-America is already being born. This war must be followed by a federation of Western Europe, of which Germany, once the 'National Socialists' have been rooted out, must form a part. The states of Western Europe have a common past—race, religion, culture, the common ideal of the Mediæval Empire of Christendom. Education and true propaganda must give them a common future, made possible by a common ideal of planning and freedom.

Secondly, a planned economy must be reconciled with liberty. The 'Tory' Middle Ages were planned, but there was little freedom, and the various functioning classes were erroneously fixed. In the 'Liberal' Victorian Age there was much freedom, but no planning. Pre-Roosevelt America was a glorification of *laisser-faire* England, with the accent on materialism. Karl Marx and Lenin gave Russia materialism for the masses. Again in Russia freedom is an absentee. National Socialism is largely a revolt against Russian and American materialism. The people have thrown economics overboard and are labouring for a spiritual ideal. This, however, is the bastard ideal of the 'German race' (which *entre nous* does not exist). And once more freedom is crushed by bloody tyranny.

So far, Britain has achieved much democracy in 'pure politics'—but in economics none. If, however, we do not believe in the democratic control of the economic system we do not believe in democracy at all. Here it is essential to point out what it is the people as a whole have got to secure. This is the control of the main economic machinery of the nation.

Science has just made it possible for us to harness the resources of the world. Therefore the people, till now poor (not mainly through the faults of kings and nobles), are now rich. It must be for them to decide how these riches are to be brought to the surface, and how life in general is to be lived.

For example, they must deliberate whether they will toil for eighty-four hours a week in order to luxuriate in chromium-plated bathrooms or work much shorter hours resting content with a much simpler standard of material things.

Capital and Culture

Private capitalists must no longer be suffered to pull the levers of a major industry, still less to disport themselves upon the Stock Exchange. What is *not* essential is the rate at which capitalists are to be compensated. We could well afford to guarantee rich men even more than their present incomes. What they must be prohibited from doing is using their money to become economic dictators. If they choose to spend their wealth on champagne and cigars, little harm is done. Remember, too, that a rich man's stomach is no bigger than anybody else's; and in *this* century there is no shortage of food and drink.

It will, of course, be a major duty of the people to organise intelligently their abundant leisure. Amenities—theatres, concerts, cafés, bathing beaches—hitherto possible only for the rich (with the limited exception of the Scandinavian States) must be constructed for all. The private patronage of writers and painters must give way to a Nationalisation of Culture. The Labour Party

unfortunately has made the mistake of stopping short schemes of nationalisation at material things. It is devoid of a vista of the 'Good Life' of which bread and butter is but the foundation.

Where Russia Goes Wrong—

The war is creating the 'rationalisation' of all major industries. It will just not be physically possible for these industries to go back under the old private firms. The only question is whether a monopoly is going to be created for the benefit of one monster firm or for the people as a whole. The machinery for popular control of, say, the coal industry, will have to be more effective than that existing, say, for London Transport, where the popular will cannot make itself directly felt.

Professor Laski's schemes are perfect, except that their extreme complication would not permit them to work. Nevertheless it is not only the miner who must be represented in the coal industry. The citizen as consumer must also have a voice.

Parliament must work through small committees to exercise its control over the various Departments of State. Our shapeless body of 615 is doing nothing; and in its present form can do nothing.

In non-essential and experimental industries there will be scope for private enterprise. When the industry becomes essential or stabilised the *franc tireur* or 'privateer' must be bought out at a figure which will reward his enterprise.

The vital point is that the planners, unlike the Russian Commissars, will be directed by a free parliament.

Free thought and free criticism need to be preserved at all costs, not only because they are so pleasant, but because without them not only will tyranny supervene but progress will become impossible. Russia and Germany may seem up to date to-day; but unless they mend their ways they will rapidly emulate Renaissance Spain, ironbound by its interpretation of Catholic Christianity, the once terrible Ottoman Empire shackled by literal adherence to the Koran, China immobilised for a cycle by immutable convention.

The collective control of our life can, of course, come about only through the flowering of a new attitude. The 'Profit Motive' must go. The inborn desire of man to create and to serve must be released and stimulated. It has not been without expression in the past. The soldier does not fight for money. The craftsman delights in his handiwork. *Noblesse oblige* often had a real meaning; it has had a much greater influence upon the fortunes of this country than most people are prepared to admit.

The right attitude, however, can only come through education. Education not in its narrow sense, but in the sense of enlightenment and the creation of a true appreciation of values. The capitalist of the Chamberlain type has got to be educated. The people also stand in need of a mighty campaign of enlightenment. Ideally speaking, a century of real education should have preceded the grant of the franchise.

—And Germany Errs

Had the Germans possessed real education they would not have elected Adolf Hitler, and thus extinguished their own freedom. The tragedy of Russia is that the Moujiks are less ready for anything resembling Communism than any people on earth.

Incidentally, our Civil Servants will have to be taught to abandon their present posture of being a brake upon too enterprising capitalists, and become

energetic and enterprising officers of the mighty new national economy.

This is a final farewell not to arms but to Pacifism. Virtue cannot live unless backed by force. The anti-social criminal must be instantly crushed for the benefit of the ninety per cent of the human race who are well meaning. Emulation of good, kind George Lansbury is not enough. Man cannot live by kindliness alone, but by constant painful agitation of his cerebellum.

It is our weakness that we have not yet worked these things out. But remember, neither has Adolf Hitler. If he conquered the whole world it would avail him nothing. He would not even have begun to think out his economic system, still less to prepare for a civilised society.

Such a period of 'revolution' as this has its value. Many rotting structures fall. But a new world order will not come by Wishful Thinking. When the guns are silent we shall be called to a life which is noble but Spartan, self-sacrificing and strenuous.

THE CONSTITUTIONS OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH

The determination of types of constitution depends essentially on the purpose to be served. The British doctrine at the present day rests on two fundamental principles, which are accepted by the great majority of the electorate.

In the first place, it is recognised that the justification for the possession of any territory is that British rule over it is exercised for the primary purpose of the benefit of the people thereof, and that, if any divergence between their interests and those of the people of the United Kingdom arises, it is the duty of the British Government to prefer the welfare of the residents of the territory.

In the second place, it is held that the first principle can best be carried out by giving to the people in each territory as far as is possible the power to order their own affairs. Self-government, it is felt, affords effective protection from exploitation in the interests of the United Kingdom, and it strengthens the character and self-reliance of the people. Even if control by the British Government might be more efficient, yet, it is argued, such control serves to stunt the growth of the people governed.

—THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH, by A. Berriedale Keith

Ballots & Ballyhoo

by

RAYMOND DANIELL

On November 5 next, the United States of America either elects a new President, or re-elects Franklin D. Roosevelt for a third term. The Chief Correspondent in London of the New York Times *explains the somewhat complex mechanism by which this feat will be performed.*

The Elephant is the Republican symbol; the Donkey, that of the Democrats.

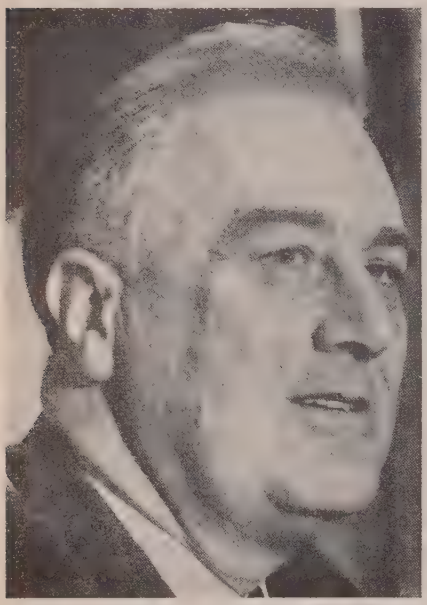
So fearful were the founders of the American Republic lest an unscrupulous President should use his powers to perpetuate himself in office, that the Constitution they drafted and adopted limited his term to four years. The Constitution said nothing about how many terms a President could serve. Tradition and custom alone govern that. But so strong is the prejudice against a President serving more than the two terms which George Washington held to be enough, that no politician —until Franklin D. Roosevelt—has been nominated for a third.

Such are the ways of politics that although democracy in Europe is tottering, and despite the grave problems of foreign policy, national defence and domestic economy confronting the United States, this year's campaign across the Atlantic, which separates a world at peace from a world at war, may be influenced decisively by the strength and depth of this Washingtonian tradition. Whether the next President of the United States will be Roosevelt or Wendell Willkie may depend to a large degree upon the willingness of the average man to accept a break with the past, in times when dictators and dictatorships are threatening the rights and liberties which have been safeguarded by law and custom in the United States for one hundred and sixty years.

Every device known to politics will be used by the Republican supporters of Mr. Willkie to arouse and stimulate the deep-seated prejudice in most Americans against anybody holding office too long and against anyone holding too much power. While Mr. Willkie himself will discuss the tariff, unemployment, foreign policy and national defence in his campaign addresses, lesser lights of his party can be counted upon to keep the third

term issue alive. Cartoons, editorials, radio, lapel buttons, circulars, will all be used to portray Mr. Roosevelt as an ambitious man who, if not seeking a crown, is ambitious to establish himself as a dictator.

From now until November 5, which is Election Day, the people of the country will be harangued by orators,



ROOSEVELT

besought by workers for the rival parties and frightened and cajoled by threats and promises. And on that day between 45,000,000 and 50,000,000 qualified voters of the land will flock to the polling places in each of forty-eight states to render their verdict. Before the next dawn breaks the results of the election will be known and the United States either will have chosen a new President or, for the first time in history, given a mandate to one who already has served two terms to carry on for four more years.

In the crucial days that lie ahead the outcome of the election in the United States may have far-reaching consequences for the old world as well as for the new. Yet, such are the differences in the American electoral system and the political vocabulary that has grown up across the Atlantic, many British readers must find it difficult to follow the steps which lead up to the final result. It is my aim to dispel some of the mystery about what is really a peaceful, voluntary and periodic revolution, prescribed by the Constitution for the nation's health.

This is what is known as a 'Presidential Year' in the United States, for the Constitution provides that Presidents shall be elected in years which can be divided by four, on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. In such years hope wells in the breasts of many governors of States, mayors of cities and even some District Attorneys, who have reason to believe, as the saying goes, that 'the lightning may strike them'.

The first symptom of ambition in this antic season is a flood of oratory on national and international affairs from minor officials like Thomas E. Dewey, New York's 'racket-busting' prosecutor. But before one of these hopefuls can have a chance of being elected President he must win the nomination of the Republican or Democratic Parties, for without the endorsement of one or the other of these two powerful organisations, his cause would be hopeless from the start, for legal and technical reasons, as well as the lack of organised support.

Nominations are made at party Conventions, which combine a carnival atmosphere with the serious business of drafting what is known as

the 'platform', or statement of policy, and selecting a candidate for President and Vice President to execute that policy. There are approximately 1,000 voting delegates and in both parties only a simple majority is needed to select the nominees. The delegates are apportioned among the States according to population and they are selected by various means. In some States they are elected at intra-party primary elections, and in some they may be appointed by party executive committees. Some States send delegations instructed to vote for specific candidates until they are released by them from their obligations, and others, to enhance their bargaining powers, merely to send delegates to use their own judgment on the floor of the Convention hall.

The Conventions usually last about four or five days and attract thousands of spectators who flock to them to see the show and hear the oratory of national and party leaders extolling the virtues of various candidates and predicting national disaster if the opposition is successful in the coming election. There are bands and sideshows and artificial stimulants to enthusiasm like parades and noise makers for the delegates who at the mention of their favourite candidate's name are wont to march around the hall carrying the banners of their respective States.

In 1936 when I was attending the Democratic Convention in Philadelphia as a journalist, I was trying to explain the difference between the outward manifestations and the inner workings of the Convention to Vladimir Romm, then Washington Correspondent for the Russian newspaper *Izvestia*. As we talked, a band marched through the lobby dressed in cowboy costume and led by a girl in shorts. Romm gulped and said:

'I don't understand. Music with your meals is bad enough, but music when you are forming a government—that is impossible.'

After the Conventions, which usually are held late in June, there follows a lull in political activity while the

WILLKIE

party leaders catch their breath, patch up the enmities engendered in the heat of the Convention, establish headquarters and plan their campaign. This usually does not get into its full stride until mid-September and reaches its climax toward the end of October, just before Election Day.

In that period both the Republican and Democratic candidates can be expected to tour the country in special campaign trains, carrying correspondents of all the principal newspapers and news agencies of the country. A

dozen or more major speeches may be made on this cross-continental journey. They are delivered before huge crowds in parks, football stadia and great arenas in the big cities like Chicago, and San Francisco, Kansas City, Philadelphia and Boston and Detroit. All of them are broadcast, and toward the end of the campaign the oratory has swelled to a chorus of voices of the great and small, all urging the voter to cast his ballot for one candidate or the other, so that there is scarcely a minute of the day or night when radios are not blaring political polemics.

Vote-Catching Clichés

In addition to these formal addresses, each of which is designed to deal with one or more issues of the campaign, the candidates make countless informal speeches from the back platform of their train at small cities and at crossings. The object is to show oneself to as many persons as possible, kiss as many babies as can be thrust up through the crowds, shake as many hands of politicians as are outstretched, and have a mass of photographs taken, all designed to show that the Republican candidate, or the Democratic candidate, is a kindly, simple man. Boyhood photographs showing the candidate pitching hay, fishing, or receiving his high school diploma, are considered helpful too.

Special and subtle appeals are made usually by both candidates to racial groups, to sections and even to religious groups, although any candidate who openly raised a racial issue in the campaign would probably be sowing dragon's teeth. These appeals usually take the form of promises, or reminders of what has been done for them in the past. Thus, during a campaign there is much speculation about what the negro vote, the Catholic vote, the farm vote, the labour vote and the Italian vote will do. It happens that sometimes one bloc of voters is so unified that their strength is sufficient to win victory for one candidate or another in certain States.

Because the Republican party was in power during the Civil War and the bitterly resented Reconstruction period that followed in the South, that part of the country, except under special circumstances, is usually considered safe for any candidate the Democrats may name. Thus it is called the 'solid South'. Democratic candidates, therefore, exert little effort toward winning what is won for them already and it is seldom that a Republican candidate seriously seeks to garner many votes there.

Sometimes, however, when one prejudice is stronger than another, things are different. So it was that in 1928 when Alfred E. Smith, a Roman Catholic product of Tammany Hall (as the New York City political machine is called), was nominated, Mr. Hoover, although a Republican, managed to beat the suspect New Yorker in several southern States. But as a rule the Democratic candidate starts off with a basic, rock-ribbed support, without lifting a finger. That Republicans have won more often than Democrats since the Civil War is due to the working of the electoral system which gives the big northern States, where the Republican Party is strong, an advantage.

High Percentage Ballot

On Election Day the ballyhoo dies down. The last appeals to the voters have been made the night before and, in latter years, such is the political consciousness of the country, from eighty to ninety per cent of those qualified to vote flock to the polling

places to cast their ballots. The qualifications vary in the different States. Some require an ability to read and 'construe' the Constitution. That is designed to exclude the negro in the South. In California Chinese are barred and in some States paupers.

Likewise the system of voting is as diversified as the law. In New York State voting machines are used registering ballots as a cash register records the shillings dropped into it. Paper ballots are more common in most States.

Electing Electors

The reason the Democratic or Republican nomination is so important is that, contrary to the belief even of some Americans, the people do not vote directly for the candidates for the Presidency but for 'Presidential electors'. There is as much variety, if not more, in the election laws of the various States as there is in the country's divorce laws, but in many States it would take almost a successful revolution to put any but Republican and Democratic electors on the ballot. At best it is a long, slow process. Without electors on his ballot, regardless of the size of the popular vote he received, a candidate of a third party would have no chance of winning. This is, of course, one of the reasons for the existence of the party system in the United States.

Article II of the Constitution provides for this system in the following language:

'*Each State shall appoint in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in Congress; but no Senator or Representative or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States shall be appointed an elector.*'

As each State is entitled to two United States Senators and one member of the House of Representatives roughly for each 300,000 of the population, it will be seen that the Constitution apportions the electors according to the population of the various States, but leaves it to their own State legislatures to determine how they shall be selected. Thus a heavily populated State like New York has forty-seven electors, while the more sparsely settled ones, like Vermont, which was one of the two 'carried' by Roosevelt's opponent four years ago, has only three.

Since a popular plurality of one vote is sufficient to throw the whole electoral vote of a State to the successful candidate, it is not difficult to see that both parties naturally wage their most intensive campaigns in such States as New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, California, Indiana, Massachusetts, Michigan and New Jersey. Incidentally, the electoral system probably helps to account for why so many American Presidents have come from Ohio, Virginia, Massachusetts and New York, for it is the theory of the professional politicians that a 'native son' has a better chance of carrying his own State than an outsider and there is an advantage in carrying the States with the big bloc of votes.

Generous Majorities

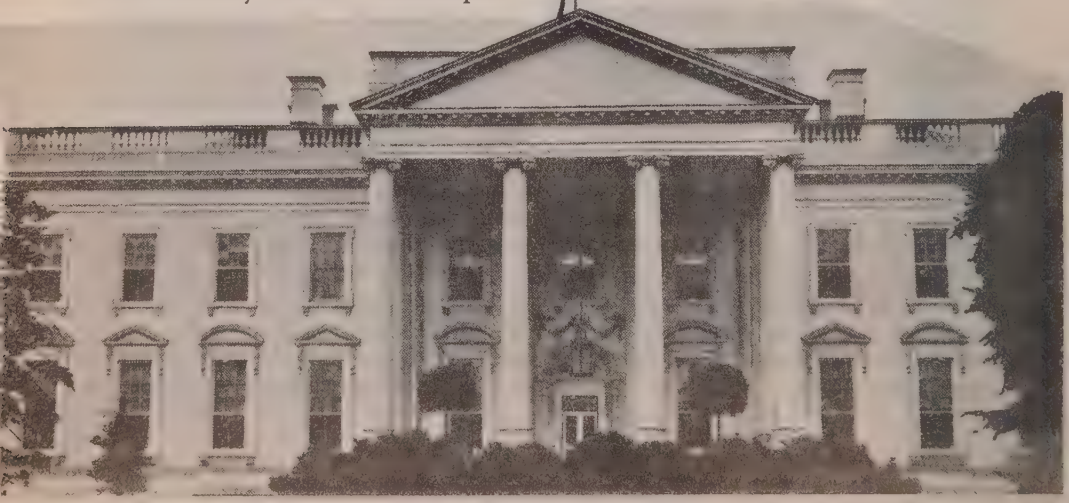
Indeed, it is doubtful if a well-qualified candidate for President from a little State like Arizona, with only three electoral votes, would stand much chance of being nominated against a second-rater from, say, Pennsylvania, with its thirty-six votes in the electoral college. Another peculiarity of the electoral system is that under it, it is mathematically possible, though unlikely, that a candidate with a minority

of the popular vote could be elected President.

This would be so if one of the candidates just barely managed to obtain a small plurality in enough States to give him a majority of the 523 electoral votes, while losing heavily to his opponent in all the other States. Should a third party candidate obtain enough electoral votes to deprive either candidate of the two major parties of a majority, the Constitution provides that the House of Representatives shall choose the President.

Recent elections in the United States have not been close, either in the popular vote or the electoral college. In 1936 Mr. Roosevelt received approximately 27,500,000 votes to Alfred M. Landon's 16,500,000. His plurality of the electoral vote was even more striking, for, as Mr. Landon carried only Maine and Vermont, his vote in the electoral college was a mere five to the President's 515. Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, and William Lemke, the Union Party candidate, backed by the Townsendites, Coughlinites and a smattering of followers of the assassinated Huey Long, received about 1,000,000 votes between them, but since they failed to obtain a plurality in any State, they received no electoral votes.

In 1932, when Mr. Roosevelt was first elected, he defeated Herbert Hoover, his Republican opponent, by 413 to 59 electoral votes. His popular vote that year was nearly 23,000,000 to approximately 16,000,000 for Mr. Hoover, then running for re-election to a second term. The closest election in recent times was in 1916, when Woodrow Wilson, running with the slogan 'he kept us out of war', defeated Charles Evans Hughes, now Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, by the slim margin of only twenty-three electoral votes. In that hard-fought election Mr. Wilson received about 9,000,000 votes to about 8,500,000 cast for Mr. Hughes, a total of only a little more than those cast for Mr. Landon in 1936 in his unsuccessful campaign. So close was the Hughes-Wilson election, that for a time it was believed that Mr. Hughes had been elected. Completion of the count of California's close balloting showed, however, that Mr. Wilson had won in that Pacific State and California's electoral votes turned the tide and made Mr. Wilson America's war-time leader.



THE WHITE HOUSE

Our Refugees Move In

by KATE MARY BRUCE

THE hostel has been ready for days. The beds are there, the first-aid post is there; the canteen is there, the commandant is there, the helpers are there; the store-room is stacked with clothes, blankets, soap, toys for the children, books for the grown-ups, every necessity of life. All we lack is refugees.

Every day someone has gone to reconnoitre on the steps, gazing up and down the street, and now that the buses actually draw up at the door, our hearts sink, and for one craven moment we feel incapable of dealing with the situation. Our courage and our French ebb painfully away. A hundred and four refugees are pouring into the building, a black, dazed, silent procession of outcasts; crinkled old women like Rembrandts, wooden-faced girls like Flemish virgins, bewildered youths, proud and tortured Saint Sebastiens, Belgian fishermen; heavy, stolid mothers of families, square and comfortable, little children clinging to their skirts; a herd of patient cattle.

These people, French, Belgian, Polish, Dutch, have been blown out of their homes by bombs, chivied along the roads by tanks, machine-gunned from the air by diving planes, hunted across half Europe by the Four Horsemen. Their tragedy makes us shy. Few are weeping. For the most part they sit dry-eyed among those precious possessions which they were able to snatch when they had to flee before the hordes of Attila. They have had very little sleep during the past week. In answer to our questions, all say the same thing, gently and uncomplainingly: 'Je suis un peu fatigué, madame.'

While the necessary formalities are in process, we give the children chocolate, toys and books. Beth has picked up a fractious baby and walked it over to the window overlooking the river. 'Regardez! Joli bus,' she says.

Beth's French may not be anything to write home about, but she certainly has a way with babies. Le petit Coco is soon grinning and tugging at her hair. Meanwhile, Mary is chatting with the Dunkirk girls. The weary and travel-stained French girls smile, and all begin talking at once. Bruised, gashed, bandaged, strapped, their poor faces bear testimony to their ordeal. Still they can joke and laugh; theirs is the unquenchable French gaiety.

Awaiting their turn to register is a Dutch family; father, mother, daughter, and son. They tell us their story in English.

'We are coming from Amsterdam in open boat, it is taking us seven days,' explains Mevrow, and, so calm is his tone, he might be telling us how he took a 19 bus from Knightsbridge to Sloane Street. 'All day we row, all night the sea is taking us backwards.'

'Did you have anything to eat?'

His good Vrow takes up the story.

'For two days onlee we are feeling hungry', she says 'then we do not want to eat more.'

'Good heavens, how perfectly awful!' exclaims Margaret, all eyes and dimples. She and Colette stare at

each other, appalled, for they are always hungry. Every two hours they have to repair to the candy shop and fill the aching void with little cakes.

The Dutch children, Pieter and Johanna, cannot walk. They are carried into the infirmary, their feet encased in bedroom slippers.

'The children were bombed,' we murmur, feeling rather sick.

'No, no—since Amsterdam we are not bombed,' Johanna explains. She has a sweet, soft, thick voice like Avocat, with the faintest of foreign accents. 'But our feet are becoming not so goot with the salt water. We sit with him in the sea-water for seven days.'

The Poles are very grand, wrapped in silver foxes and Slav gloom. We turn them over to Colette who, we feel, must disarm them with her golden page-boy's head and pure Parisian French. An awkward situation is created by a Polish gentleman of high degree who has just handed his coat and trousers to an official from the Town Hall—a dictator in his own totalitarian office—saying:

'Pliz to press for me,' adding graciously, 'Eef you haff no time to-day, to-morrow morning does very nice.'

The Borough Councillor registers dignified amazement. No one has ever before asked him to press trousers. The Commandant keeps her head; not a smile, not a quiver passes her face. Wishing, no doubt, to take our minds off this untoward incident, she bids me conduct two Belgian fishermen to the store-room and fit them up with a 'complet'. One is immensely fat, the other small and thin. We try on everything; shirts, pyjamas, coats, waistcoats, hats and shoes. Shirts that the fat man cannot squeeze into hang like bell-tents on the little man. A monotonous duet ensues:

'Trop petit.'

'Trop grand.'

'Trop petit.'

'Trop grand.'

It is like a Russian problem play. My fat friend discovers a pair of white flannels. These he struggles to draw on over his own fisherman's trousers. I can see from the first that it is an unequal contest. He pauses, the plumper portions of him bulging over the skin-tight flannel legs, and shakes his head mournfully.

'Pas moyen,' he pants.

I agree with him. No moyen this side of the grave. His skinny companion, meanwhile, has found nothing suitable except a black Homberg, which extinguishes him.

In the hall I come across Beth, advancing to greet a straggling group of women.

'Bonjour. Vous avvy lair fatty gay. Avvy-voo Bon Voyage?' she enquires, throwing them a warm, welcoming smile.

The women eye her warily and retreat a pace.

'What shall I do?' asks Beth, turning to me, disheartened. 'They obviously don't speak French. P'raps they're Poles. Shall I try them in English?' She approached the women, who have now gone into a close, united-we-stand huddle, and shouts:

'Did — you — have — a — good journey?'

The women look uneasily at one another: then they nudge a big red-haired girl, who steps forward, saying in high, nervous cockney:

'I dount know what you mean, miss. We've ownlay came from King's Road. We're the chars.'

Public Opinion & The Refugee

by TOM HARRISSON

Do we make sufficient distinction between refugees, aliens and the Fifth Column? Ought the Government and the Press to inform us more accurately about them? Mass-Observation reveals the confusion of the public mind on these subjects.

In recent months we have been treated to a rather unpleasant pageant of our own less pleasant selves. For the first seven months of the war we studiously remembered that though we were at war we were still human and liberal. Then, suddenly, when the war got really tough and pointed straight at us, we threw quiet peace-time ethics overboard. The deep cry went up from many throats—INTERN THEM ALL. Within a few weeks a great round-up of aliens, many of them violently anti-Nazi and extremely useful to our cause, had occurred. In the comparatively peaceful weeks which followed Vichy our better selves re-emerged. A loud cry rose against the policy of interning them all.

What was the machinery of this curious cycle? Were ordinary people responsible? What part did Press and politicians play? We have made surveys on this subject almost weekly since March, while as background we have six months of investigations into racial prejudice, completed before the war began.

Before the war an average of about one-fifth of people were distinctly anti-semitic when asked to give their views on the native Jewish population of Britain. In a number of pre-war investigations we constantly found this figure. Interestingly, in places where a considerable number of Jews lived, anti-semitism of this sort (it is, of course, nothing so violent as the anti-semitism that would vote for Mosley) was less than in areas where there were few or no Jews. In surveys carried on up till March 1940, there was no appreciable increase in anti-semitism.

But in all these surveys we found that the vast majority of those who were not anti-semitic, even those who were definitely pro-semitic, privately had certain strong feelings and individual prejudices which were fundamentally, though vaguely, anti-semitic. Many of these people, latently stranger-hostile (indeed hostile to anyone who does not conform to their own standards), suppress the feeling and keep it strictly as *private* opinion. This type of private opinion only becomes *public* opinion when it is sanctioned from above. Private views which people are ashamed to hold publicly are no longer shameful if their expression is made respectable or conventional, if people feel that a lot of other people are holding or stating the same opinion—for instance, if the Press starts proclaiming these views as socially desirable, or if a respected statesman or Royalty publicly advocates them. Indeed, the main power of the Press is to sanction private opinion and bring it out as public opinion.

Whenever a Press campaign hits up *private opinion*, it is likely to be a success. But when the Press tries to *create* public opinion on subjects upon which there is no underlying private opinion, it is unlikely to succeed. Press campaigns like Empire Free Trade or the recent one against 'Cooper's Snoopers' have no substance in private opinion and hardly stir the people at all—as the people showed when asked to vote for Empire Free Trade candidates, the only opportunity they have ever had to vote on a directly-sponsored newspaper campaign.

Fifth Column Furore

This sanctioning process happened in April. Private opinion was available to be worked up, and on Sunday, April 14, the Press started a campaign, headed by the *Sunday Dispatch*, with the *Sunday Chronicle*, the *People* and others behind. A perfect storm of Press material burst, while on April 19 a deputation of Right-Wing M.P.s saw Sir John Anderson and urged the menace of the Fifth Column. Day after day the *Daily Mail* in particular urged a full-blooded policy of total internment.

Just as the campaign was gathering way, we made a survey in mid-April. Although by then the activities of the Fifth Column in Norway were well known, we found remarkably little feeling towards mass internment, though there were signs that a general anti-semitism and anti-alienism were growing side by side. In a report dated April 25 we reached the following conclusion, which, I think, accurately sums up the situation among the mass of people at the time when the Press clamour had already become quite strong.

'In no case did anyone volunteer any remark which could in any way be taken as an imputation on the politics or espionage of the refugees. And while many people mentioned that they ought to be turned out or sent back, *not one* suggested that they ought to be imprisoned or interned. They were not, of course, asked a direct question on this, but had it been at the top of their minds as a very strong feeling, they would have mentioned it. We believe that at present the level of feeling about this is more diffuse, is only a stage beyond general resentment to the foreigner coming amongst us and *settling*, a resentment which is felt to a very large degree about, for instance, the Irish, and even very frequently about the Welsh. Thus in one of the indirect conversations which an observer had in Kensington with the wife of the head of a great business corporation which specialises in international relations, she said:

"*I can't stand the sight of foreigners. I loathe the look of them and the sound of their voices.*"

'Foreigners'—Various

'Exactly the same thing is felt in milder form even between different parts of England, as emerged in another indirect conversation which an observer held with a girl in a public bar (Kensington):

"*I always think people are more friendly up North. I'm from Lancashire myself and I was very lonely when I first came to London, but then when I found out how many French and Italians there were here I was not surprised the Londoner was unfriendly.*"

'Even in the indirect conversations and conversations which observers held with intimate friends, no one suggested

imprisonment or internment, but some expressed a wider range of feeling, partly because they were middle-class or more "intelligent" people, thus:

1. "*I can't believe your A.R.P. warden is a Greek. What do the Government mean by letting all these dreadful foreigners have jobs like that?*"
2. "*I don't think they should be here eating our food, and, my God, can they eat!*"
3. "*We may be quite glad to have them here before the war is ended.*"
4. "*Such a nerve they've got. One comes right over to me in the Langham Hotel and kissed my hand.*"
5. "*My brother says there's a German working at the aeroplane factory who's even been given a room in the premises. Now if that isn't crazy what is?*"

Enter Snobbism

And in the report we went on to conclude that:

'There is as yet no sign that the Press campaign for internment has fully registered on the masses, but there is every sign that the situation is developing, and especially that IT IS BECOMING THE SOCIALLY - DONE THING TO BE ANTI-ALIEN. The Press, while often unable to convince people by argument, is very important in giving talk-topics and in influencing general attitudes in talk and *public* opinion. When one realises that on one Sunday alone five newspapers all launched violent pro-internment items —including cartoon, leader, feature articles—the pressure may be regarded as high, with two daily newpaper-combines echoing such sentiments frequently. Thus we get a Limehouse woman saying:

"*I'm sorry for them myself. They do talk against them, but I've nothing against them.*"

We found that at this time, while a large number of people were vaguely hostile to Jews, aliens and refugees indiscriminately for *economic* reasons, only a negligible fraction (even at the end of April) had political or espionage objections. There was virtually no mass opinion in favour of interning all aliens: there was plenty of opinion in favour of restricting their activities and removing them after the war, particularly among the poorer working classes in not-so-thriving occupations.

Information, Please

This economic objection was largely based on a misunderstanding of the situation, and in particular on a widespread idea that literally *millions* of aliens, particularly Jews, had been admitted as refugees in the past two or three years.

This is an important point. The leaders of liberal opinion and the Government had characteristically neglected to *inform* the people, through the Ministry of Information or any other channel, what high policy and practice there was in this matter; how many aliens had been admitted; how their economic effects were favourable to us, etc. This serious omission left people all the more vulnerable to their own latent prejudice. Had the strong impact of responsible leadership been used to give people a clear understanding of the problem, their latent feelings could probably have been submerged by the feeling that we were being sensible in being liberal; indeed, people might even have managed to get a rosy glow of pride from feeling that they were doing the decent democratic thing towards aliens who are in opposition to the Nazi philosophy which we are fighting.

While this storm was gathering,

ordinary people were exceedingly vague as to what they had to fear from aliens. The Press and politicians were stressing 'Fifth Column', and by April 25 this had become one of the commoner words in the newspapers. Interesting, therefore, is a small survey made on April 29, from which we concluded:

'It is clear that a very considerable proportion of the population are scarcely aware of what the Fifth Column is, though most of these have vaguely heard of it or read about it. Their general definition of the Fifth Column is extremely variable and often exceedingly vague.

'It should also be noted that many people who hold strong views on the subject say that they haven't met a refugee, and in general the answers show that feeling about the Fifth Column is often something separate from feeling about refugees.'

Recriminations

By this time, certain interests were beginning to drag a red herring across the trail. The people who had betrayed Norway, Holland and Belgium were not Communists or Jewish anti-Fascists or refugees from concentration camps: they were specially planted German citizens and innumerable *natives* (particularly of the upper-class) of the countries concerned. By April 26 Hannen Swaffer was pointing out in the *Herald* that the Fifth Column was being confused with Jews, and he suggested the Fascists were spreading this idea. The same day, the *New Statesman* accused the ruling classes of lumping Communists, pacifists and enemy aliens together as the Fifth Column, in case some of themselves should be accused. Even the *Daily Mail*, owned by Lord Rothermere, who up to the last moment declared that Hitler was a fine gentleman and his word was to be relied upon, was now in full cry. When the idea of the Fifth Column did finally get through to the people, they interpreted it as 'aliens'.

Putting It to the Vote

By early May, therefore, there had been a violent swing in public opinion. On May 9 and 10 the British Institute of Public Opinion conducted a national cross-section survey on this question: '*Do you think the Government's treatment of Germans and other foreigners living in this country has been too strict, too lenient, or about right?*' Results were:

Too strict	2	*per cent*
Too lenient	64	,,
About right	25	,,
No opinion	9	,,

On May 13 we repeated our own survey, as soon as Sir John Anderson issued new restrictions on aliens. We found an overwhelming majority IN FAVOUR of mass-internment. Of course, Fifth Column news from Holland was a big factor in producing this result; but the press background and prejudice established in the previous weeks was vitally important. One of the most striking features of the material collected on that May afternoon was the way people said many more unpleasant things about aliens than they had done even a couple of days before. For Sir John Anderson's action in itself increased the social sanction, already given by the Press, for being openly and indiscriminately anti-alien.

May, June and July marked a steady intensification of restrictions of all sorts, but at the same time a steadily increasing stream of deplorable stories and exposures of the way the new policy on internment had worked.

And in 'the lull' people had time to think it over. Many have realised, often dimly and only in the back of their minds, that the cry for total internment was rather panicky and that it really represented another victory for Hitler. What else was it but propaganda of racialism and anti-semitism?

Britain's conscience—which has several times saved our dignity by being guilty at the wrong moment for the right reason—came to the rescue. The ordinary people began to feel ashamed, long before the Press and Parliament took up the cudgels. On July 10 and 11 we made a survey in London which showed the beginnings of the downward flow. Now:

55 per cent still thought we should intern all enemy aliens

27 per cent thought we should not intern them all and that we should be more lenient than at present

6 per cent were doubtful or disinterested

12 per cent held no opinion

Anger Abates

This was a big change from the more than 90 per cent in favour of interning them all two months before, or the 2 per cent who had thought we were too strict in early May, although there was still a clear majority in favour of total internment. But the *quality* of verbatim comment on this, the violence of feeling, had also notably declined. Our report on this July survey stated:

'The opinion that all should be interned was only expressed violently by a minority. In most cases there was little vindictive feeling, and the suggestion was that it was essential to intern them all to win the war:

"*You can't trust one of them. They're not all bad, we know that, but get them together. Then we know where we are.*" '

'All very Difficult'

At this time, the *Daily Mail* and several of the Sunday papers were still going full-blast against aliens, but the more progressive papers were already disturbed and using their influence to counteract measures which many of them had previously stimulated, either directly or by the result of their treatment of news. On July 10 the Home Office itself began to show signs of relenting. By the first week in August many of the same papers that had been most alarmist about enemy aliens in May were attacking the Government for the measures thay had taken. A survey undertaken during the first week of August showed that the number of people in favour of interning all aliens was down to *one-third.* The quality of comment had changed even more strikingly, was less emotional and more reasoned, e.g.:

'*I think they should be sifted. I mean the cases looked into. I think a lot of naturalised aliens are more dangerous than the aliens.*'

'*Oh, it's a very difficult problem—I mean they might be dangerous, but then again it seems a shame to intern them all, don't you think.*'

There is still a great deal of confusion on the subject, and still no real understanding of the numbers involved. This is a constant source of anti-alien feeling, reflected in this comment:

'*Of course, we shouldn't be rationed if it weren't for them.*'

What can we conclude from this slightly sordid story? On issues of this sort, clear and continuous *information* and interpretation, simple, interesting, precise, concise, is essential if stupidities are to be avoided.

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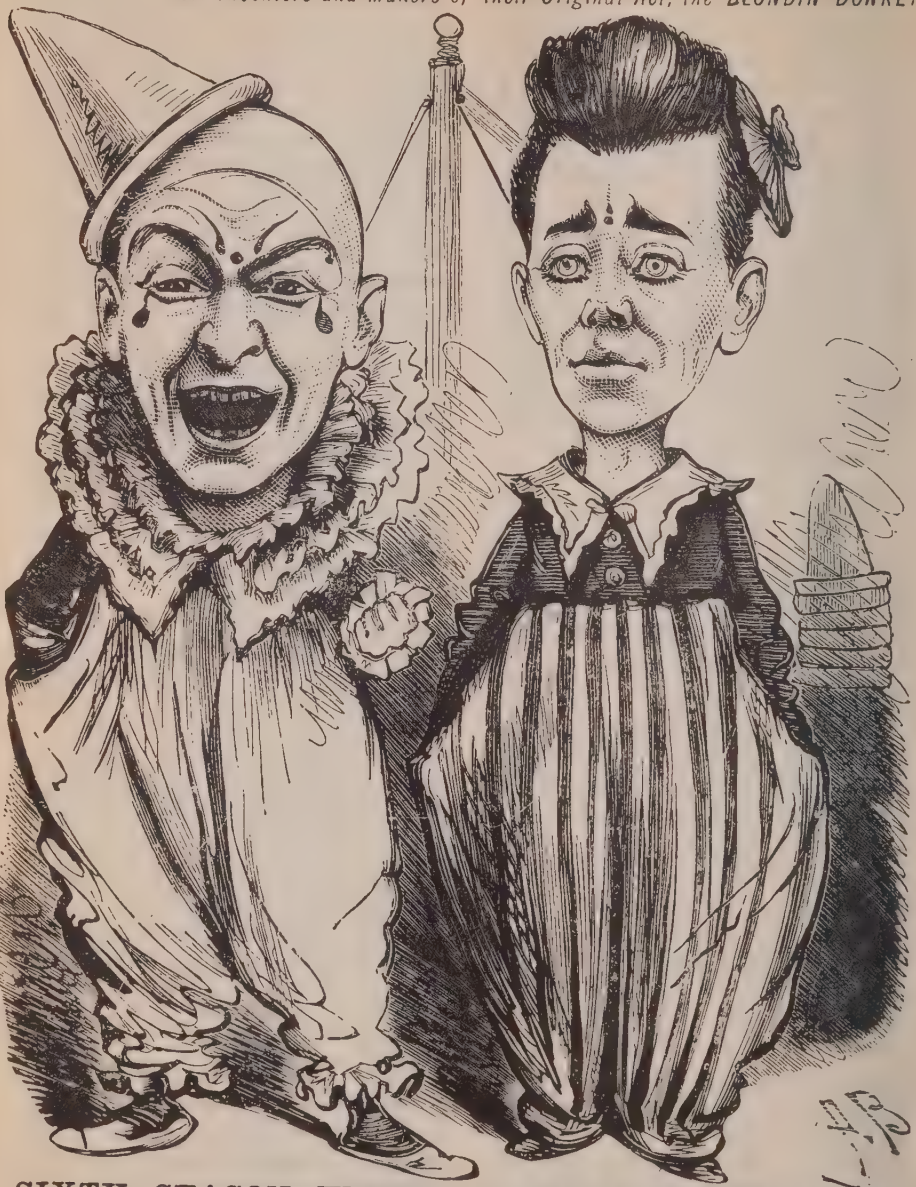

ONLY THE BROTHERS GRIFFITHS MADE THE BLONDIN DONKEY.

SIXTH SEASON WITH SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

PAVILION, CANTERBURY, and PARAGON, WHITMONDAY, 1893. Engaged for four years, PAVILION, TIVOLI, and OXFORD, and three more seasons with Sir Augustus Harris. *Grand success of the Serpentine Dance, with Boats on the Lake.* STEP TAKERS BEWARE

The Pantomime Horse

by M. WILLSON DISHER

Fred Griffiths, forelegs of 'Pogo', the beloved pantomime horse, died recently at the age of eighty-four. 'Pogo', however, is still alive and kicking, and Willson Disher—authority on clowns, circuses and comedians —here writes in praise of him.

POGO is the most justly celebrated of all pantomime horses. He is still kicking. From time to time you may be lucky enough to see his fatuous head, with the blonde lovelock between his blandly offensive eyes, peer round a side-wing before his human legs start marching across the stage.

Yet Fred Delaney, who gave him life, retired nine years ago and now is dead. The idea takes some getting used to. When Charles Lauri died there was no possibility of ever again seeing his monkey or cat. So how can the art of another 'animal impersonator' survive after his departure? Yet Pogo is still Pogo, not a mere imitation or record of what he once was. He is a unique triumph—the one instance where acting outlives the actor. You may argue that the melancholy little soul projected on the world's imagination by Charlie Chaplin will live longer than human life. But if you are thinking of his films I must answer that they are records, and if you are thinking of Charlie Rivel, whose appearance (on the trapeze) bears such a close resemblance to the familiar figure on the screen, I must answer that this is, no matter how inspired, an imitation. You cannot find a parallel to Pogo. His continued existence, independently of the man who acted him, deserves metaphysical inquiry.

No other pantomime horse has ever, as far as I can discover, achieved such definite, ummistakable individuality. He is the apex of centuries of human endeavour. There is in the British Museum a Greek vase of the fifth century B.C., which proves how ancient is the mirth of bipeds masquerading as quadrupeds. Two clowns are representing themselves to be a centaur. They have not got as far as the idea of hiding themselves in a hide, and both heads are visible, but 'back legs' has assumed his now time-honoured posture. To guess what that performance was like is not difficult, for feet which pretended to be hoofs would have behaved much as they do now. Without the hide, however, there could have been little, if any, chance for the humours of internal strife.

There should be no forgetting that the serious representation of animals on the stage has been undertaken by human beings 'dressed up'. The bear in *The Winter's Tale* is played in this manner to-day without provoking a smile. In other words, there is nothing essentially funny in the beasts of make-believe. You laugh at the lions in *A*

Midsummer Night's Dream and *Androcles and the Lion* because you are meant to laugh at them, and you laugh at the birds and beasts in opera, not because they are unreal but because, even as 'props', they are clumsier than need be. Any audience is capable of admiring serious acting of animals. *The Blue Bird* proves that. Pantomime beasts are another matter altogether. What they personify is the desire in almost every human breast to interpret 'our dumb friends' in terms of human thought and feeling.

Pogo is a Modern

If you keep strictly to this formula, Pogo and his kind are moderns. They are quite distinct from the birds, beasts and fishes of the entertainments of long ago—particularly the court revels which delighted in them. In passing, let me quote from a description of the festivities when Prince Arthur (elder brother of Henry VIII) married Katherine of Aragon (to become the first wife of Henry VIII). The pageantry included a castle drawn by 'fower great beasts'

which every each of the which fower beasts were two men, one in the forepart, and another in the hinder part, secretly hid and apparelled, nothing seene but their leggs, and yet those were disguised after the proportion and kinde of the beasts they were in.

The passion for burlesque which raged in Paris towards the end of the seventeenth century first moved critics to mock the unreality of stage beasts. That famous band of comedians which had Arlequin for their chief ridiculed anything and everything. They parodied a solemn piece that dramatised the misfortunes of Ulysses when Circe, the enchantress, changed his crew into four-legged creatures. They made game of this terrible predicament by causing those heroes of legend to follow a maid-servant who held out to them a pan of 'feed' while she called them to her with the cry of 'Petits, petits, petits' as though they were chickens.

In the engraving to the 'book of the play', one of them is an ass who may be looked upon as an ancestor of the Blondin donkey—the tight-rope walking marvel who brought fame to Fred Delaney when he was the junior partner of the Griffiths Brothers. This beast, which he represented by himself with two sticks for his forelegs, walked a plank painted to represent a rope at the edges. His partner was the trainer.

After the death of Griffiths, Fred Delaney continued the act by making Delaney *fils* his junior partner. Pogo's introduction to an admiring public coincided with a campaign against performing animals that was so fierce that even a marionette bull-fight excited protests. Leading opponents of animal acts were invited to see Pogo and fell into the trap by indignantly refusing the invitations.

Base Imitations

What Pogo thinks of human nature could not be expressed in words. He is more than human. I don't mean by this that he excels in virtue, or any particular virtue. On the contrary, any expert from those places which used to announce 'horses to bait, and stand at livery', would dub him vicious at sight and have him destroyed. He is superior to us in the same way that Falstaff is. He ridicules our frustrated efforts towards one kind of perfection by achieving a totally different kind of perfection. He is obstinate, perverse, uncharitable, evil-tempered and given to mockery. He makes no bones about it—literally, for in one paroxysm of

sheer ill-nature he ties his middle in a knot and has to be unwound before his obstreperous display can continue.

Pantomime horses of late have been imitating Pogo. One has copied his coy forelock and Edwardian glad-eye. This is annoying to all true lovers and in a spirited age would be dealt with with brickbats. It may seem strange, but what we object to is the copying of externals. We do not object, indeed we recommend, the copying of essentials. This is less unreasonable than it sounds. What the plagiarists give us is the hall-mark without the sterling quality. Pogo's hall-mark should be his and his alone, but his spirit should spread wider still and wider.

Caricature

Pantomime horses are beloved anyway. They have only to run round the stage, in step or out of step, and fall over, and quarrel within themselves, to win our laughter and applause. But there is no harm, all the same, in carrying such great art a step further. With boastful heart and glowering eye they can caricature the sergeant-major.

I doubt whether Fred Delaney ever read Dean Swift. Both spontaneously gave birth to the idea that the horse could guide the man. Each had his own way of demonstrating this, but there are strong points of resemblance. You may remember Gulliver's difficulty in explaining human habits when required to do so by the Houyhnhnm, his master. The poor little man speaks of power and riches:

All this I was forced to define and describe by putting cases and making suppositions. After which, like one whose imagination was struck with something never seen or heard of before, he would lift up his eyes with amazement and indignation.

That is very reminiscent of Pogo, though with a difference. Whereas the Houyhnhnm knew nothing of human beings, there is nothing about them that Pogo does not know. So much is evident directly his head sidles round the wings as he takes an impertinent survey of his contemptible audience.

Pogo not a Prig

There is no doubt that Fred Delaney put something into the world which was not to be found there before him. Many writers have held up the brute creation as critics morally above human kind: beasts, birds and insects have been employed to teach us our faults. The trouble with these superior creatures is that they have always tended to be unnatural prigs. That could never be said of Pogo. We love him with all our faults. He is superior, so to speak, without being superior. At one moment he may march head in air (sometimes, by a happy error of judgment, with two heads in air) but his pride always goes before a fall. He may glory in his cowardice after refusing a jump, but when he quarrels within himself he is not afraid of himself by any means, but manfully hacks his own shins without fear of consequences. No sniff from upturned nose could be resented from anybody as silly as that.

All the same, you must have a very thick skin if you could witness a performance by Pogo without learning something about yourself and your own failings. Gulliver profited in like manner from his experiences. But he, poor fellow, had to undergo his treatment without the benefit of a single laugh. His 'master' was a solemn (I nearly said 'ass') fellow. Our Pogo is the opposite.

Aluminium

by JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

Germany now controls an alarming amount of the world's 'bauxite', from which aluminium is extracted. That is why our pots and pans are more precious than gold today. The history of this super-light metal is one of the oddities of metallurgy.

THAT Mrs. Brown's aluminium kettle has grown wings and is flying in the face of the Nazis is one of the few scientific facts of this war which has captured the public imagination. In the history of aluminium itself it is but one more added to many exciting episodes; for from its beginning as an industrial metal, from its first extraction from clay, aluminium has had a deeply interesting career.

The public first met it in 1855, when visitors to the Paris Exposition were led to pick up certain sturdy looking bars and to start back marvelling at their lightness. It was a Frenchman named Deville who first produced those aluminium ingots. They were costly and they looked like silver, so the Exhibition authorities placed them near the Crown Jewels, as if to suggest that the future of the light new substance was to be as a 'precious' rather than a 'useful' metal. Indeed, when another Frenchman, Héroult, took out a patent in 1888—only fifty-two years ago—for a new process for extracting aluminium, the commercial metallurgists told him that even if he could produce it at only ten francs a kilo its uses were so few that he would not be able to sell another pound.

Meanwhile, in America a young man named Charles Martin Hall was fascinated by the statement that every clay bank is a mine of aluminium, every ounce of which is as costly as silver. Hall devoted his whole working time to finding a way of making aluminium cheaper, and succeeded so well that to this day his technique is used and the company which bought his patent developed into the Aluminium Company of America. This company harnessed the waters of Niagara to produce the power which has made aluminium one of the most extensively used of all the elements.

Aluminium is the third commonest element in the earth's crust, only oxygen and silicon being more abundant. Clay, slate, granite, shale, are full of it; but it is also one of the most difficult to extract, and nearly all that is used commercially is found in the ore bauxite, first found in 1821 in Southern France. It is because of this that aluminium is not merely an excellent article of commerce, but a vital war necessity, since, although aluminium is to be found almost everywhere, bauxite is only to be found in a few places, most of which are now in German hands. The Nazis control

the bauxite of Southern France, of Western Hungary, of Italy, of Barcelona. We now have to get from the U.S.A. what we once bought from these places. Indeed, aluminium is one of the rather few articles over which the Nazis have definitely a better control than ourselves—which explains what has happened to Mrs. Brown's kettle.

Because it only weighs one-third of the common commercial metals its earliest producers imagined that it would be an immediate success. They even talked of the coming Age of Aluminium. Yet as late as 1889 no one was very interested when Charles Hall said he could now reduce the cost of production and sell one thousand pound lots at two dollars a pound, because nobody could imagine what could be done with a thousand pounds of aluminium. It began by being a handmaid to other metals: it was added to galvanised zinc baths to improve the coating. That was about all it was used for. From fifty pounds a day in 1888 its consumption in America rose to nearly 200,000 pounds in 1893 and six and a half million pounds in 1903.

Of course the first quality to attract men to it was its lightness: one cubic inch of brass or iron could be replaced by three cubic inches of aluminium without adding to an object's weight. Or put in another way, five shillings' worth of aluminium did for fifteen shillings' worth of brass.

It is also usefully conductive to electricity, easily machined or moulded, of a handsome colour, safe with food, and (as important as anything else) it does not rust. This is curious, because, in fact, aluminium eats up oxygen so fast that it forms a thin protective

AEROPLANES IN THE MAKING

shield of oxide through which no more oxygen can pass.

It began its career of usefulness in a modest way: in 1894 you could buy collar buttons, salt and pepper sets, bookmarks, trays, picture frames, hair-pins, penholders, match boxes, spoons and numbers for your houses. In short, less than fifty years ago aluminium was nothing more than another knick-knack material, quite in a different class from glorious iron, which had served and killed men for so many thousands of years.

New Alloys—New Uses

But in 1895 aluminium got a first-class piece of publicity. The yacht *Defender* was built with aluminium fittings, and won the International Cup Races—just in time, for in a few weeks the sea water rotted and destroyed the new metal, and galvanic corrosion set in between the bronze rivets and the aluminium plates.

From that day to this the discovery of aluminium alloys capable of resisting corrosion and eliminating the metal's weak characteristics have brought an ever-increasing usefulness. Aluminium paint, chains, roofing and walling tiles, jam-jar tops, railway trains, aeroplane fuselages—anything that was better for being light—became an outlet for the constantly increasing supplies of the raw metal.

The World War forced Germany to increase her small output to 40,000 tons a year, and built the industry up as a state monopoly there and elsewhere. Peace brought a slump, restriction of output, control; but only for a time. Impoverished nations used their wits to keep their money at home and exploited domestic supplies of aluminium as a substitute for imported brass and copper. They lightened automobiles so as to lessen the wear on imported rubber and petrol; and aluminium helped owners to be legal tax-dodgers by reducing the amount of horse-power required for a car.

Time and again, improvements in production have looked like leading to a glut of aluminium, but as often some new use has saved the situation. In 1900 the saviour was conductors for electricity, in 1904 the motor car, in 1914 armaments, in 1932 stream-lined railway trains.

In spite of setbacks, aluminium has become, especially in the last twenty-five years, the most important metal after iron, if we judge importance by growth of usefulness. In 1915 the world aluminium output was only 9 per cent of that of copper and 10 per cent of that of zinc. In 1938 it was more than a quarter that of copper and more than a third that of zinc. In 1915 the Germans started experimenting with a new aluminium alloy, 'Duralumin', for use in planes. In 1940 duralumin is already a thing of the past, and new alloys make modern speed and safety possible.

The Metal takes Wings

It may have been delightful to Hitler to possess himself of the famous armistice railway carriage; but a more lasting success from his destruction of France has been the control of the French supplies of aluminium, for that has forced us to do our best to import our growing needs of the metal. Unfortunately this is difficult in a world which is rearming. When the U.S.A. rearmament plans get under way it will be exceedingly difficult for her to supply us, since aluminium, unlike many other metals, tends to be produced in each country for consumption rather than for export. Except from Dutch Guiana, there is no hope of a big exportable

surplus. It is true that in the U.S.A. production dropped to a third from 1930 to 1933, and that it can quickly be made up; but aluminium planes are going to be needed, not by hundreds, but by tens of thousands.

So it comes about that aluminium, which started its public life on a stall beside the Crown Jewels, has become the most desirable of all metals. It may not be as valuable as gold, but it is far more necessary. Nearly all the gold that mankind has recovered from the earth's crust in the last few centuries has been put back into holes in the ground for safe keeping in the U.S.A. Nearly all the aluminium has taken wings. Gold is where it is because it is rare, so rare that its useful qualities cannot be used. Aluminium, the third commonest element in the earth's crust, is so desirable that the possession of an aluminium kettle becomes almost an act of treason. The only use to which the discovery of a new gold mine could be put would be to melt the metal into ingots with which to buy more American aluminium, and then to put the ingots into an American hole in the ground.

There is one other distinction which aluminium can claim, which should not be forgotten even in a war-distracted world.

Humanity has dreamed and wasted its time in trying to transmute the elements, of course into gold. A short time back the dream came true: Madame Curie's daughter was able to change one element into another by bombarding it with sub-atomic artillery. The element that responded first to humanity's age-long assault was aluminium. A thin film of the metal was subjected to intense bombardment by sub-atomic particles. Some of its atoms were shattered and emitted particles from the depths of their nuclei. What was left was no longer aluminium, but another element: the alchemist's dream was fulfilled.

Some day the world will settle down to such things as this once more; meanwhile we must beat our kettles into Spitfires and make up for the loss of French bauxite by stripping our kitchens, our buildings, our motor cars of the element so abundant in every clay bank, yet so much more precious, now, than gold.

THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR!

I see the barns and comely manors planned
By men who somehow moved in comely thought,
Who, with a single shippon to their hand,
As men upon some god-like business wrought;
I see the little cottages that keep
Their beauty still where, since Plantagenet,
Have come the shepherds happily to sleep,
Finding the loaves and cups of cider set;
I see the twisted shepherds-brown and old
Driving at dusk their glimmering sheep to fold.

JOHN DRINKWATER

British Somaliland

SOMALILAND is a strategic colony. No one could call it profitable. Its exports—fragrant resins and balsams, cedarwood, myrrh and frankincense—are more romantic than commercial. Its mineral resources are poorly developed: there is oil, coal and mica near the coast. There are no banks, railways or hotels. Revenue comes mostly from customs, which provide £67,000 out of a total of £90,000 per annum. Annual expenditure is £149,000. Budgets are balanced by the British Treasury. Somaliland's importance is to protect our trade routes to the East.

In the early nineteenth century the British East India Company found it a suitable place 'for the harbour of ships without any prohibition whatever'.

Ambitious Ismail Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, occupied the ports of Tajura, Berbera and Bulhar in 1874–5. We let him, but reoccupied the ports when the Mahdi revolted in Egypt ten years later, making the country our Protectorate by treaties with the chiefs.

Then the 'Mad Mullah', Mohammed ben Abdullah, who had been to Mecca and thought himself divine, harassed the land with his Dervishes for twenty-one years, beginning in 1899. Not until Governor Archer and Lt.-Col. Summers used the R.A.F. against them in 1920 were the Dervishes finally routed.

Somalis are a mixed race. They claim descent from Arab Sheiks. Nomads, traders, cattle-rustlers, outcast hunters, they have one thing in common: they are good, loyal fighters, though touchy, short-tempered and avaricious. We have taught them cricket, football and hockey. They are proud of their spears, shields and rifles: in the last war, five hundred of them were recruited for the King's African Rifles. When a Somali kills a man, he wears an ostrich feather in his hair. National dress is the coloured 'tobe', a fifteen-foot cotton sheet.

The climate is very unhealthy for Europeans. Average mid-day temperature is 100 deg. F. Autumn brings the South-West Monsoons (very wet), and winter a desiccating dryness.

The country is difficult, craggy, like Abyssinia. The Haud district is a thorny jungle. Animals abound—lions, elephants, giraffes, zebras and rhinos, besides livestock. Camels are exported to Egypt in large quantities in wartime: the normal garrison in British Somaliland is a Camel Corps, four hundred strong. The commonest bird is the vulture, which will have plenty to do in the near future. As for snakes, one authority tells us, with unconscious humour, 'a black snake called Muss is the most dreaded'.

A. J.

The Theatre in Two Wars

by IVOR BROWN

'When a city or a country becomes a lodging-house between life and death, or when, as now, it is exposed to the full fury of aerial war, the natural and general demand is for distraction.'

In September 1939 the British drama, along with kinema, variety, music, and even sporting events, suffered the extremity of disaster, namely a total National Lock-out in the name of national safety. This was a calamity never even approached during the struggle of 1914–1918. However, the Government had based its plans on the expectation of an immense and immediate assault on these islands by the air and it promptly and properly took the necessary measures to prevent people crowding together or massing under the roofs which were expected to become the targets of *der Tag*. Consequently the wartime theatre of the second Great War had to start absolutely from scratch, as it were, when the immediate air-war failed to happen.

The provinces had the quicker start and there entertainments began to renew themselves rapidly. London's safety being more suspect, the authorities were longer in granting permission to re-open and, when they did raise the general ban, they made particular restrictions about hours of opening and closing. These were 'staggered' in order to prevent huge crowds being thrown on the darkened streets at the same moment, that moment being, possibly, one of severe emergency and even panic.

As the industry of entertainment began to recover from this short, sharp shock it was generally maintained that the intelligent theatre was bound to be a wartime casualty, as it had for the most part been in the last war. Those who have read and remember, or can turn up, Shaw's preface to *Heartbreak House* will have a vigorous description of what happens to the arts amid the clash of arms. It is certainly true that when a city or a country becomes a lodging-house between life and death or when, as now, it is itself exposed to the full fury of aerial war, the natural and general demand is for distraction. The ability to concentrate does inevitably weaken in people who have been undergoing great fatigue and strain. Consequently they prefer the kind of entertainment which submits them to a rapid fire of quickly changing episodes. These must be bright, brief, and decorative. The obvious medium for this kind of distraction is revue and it is noteworthy that the kind of show which has won most favour during this war was mainly invented, as far as England was concerned, during the last.

Before August, 1914, there had been a certain amount of large-scale revues of the *Hullo Ragtime* and *Hullo Tango* type presented at the Hippodrome with

Miss Ethel Levey as their electrically vivacious star. The Alhambra had also had such shows as *Kill That Fly* (book by George Grossmith and music by Melville Gideon) while the Empire blended revue and ballet. But the small, neat, intimate revue, capable of being fitted economically into a small theatre and playing to proportionately small returns, was mainly a wartime creation. Once founded, it flourished abundantly.

We are apt to think of Mr. C. B. Cochran as essentially connected with the large-scale and lavish species of revue in which the fashionable decorator of the moment would be given a free hand with the paint-box and the cash-box and told to mix both paint and cash with brains and taste until the eye of the public dazzled at his creation. But it should be remembered that Mr. Cochran was also the pioneer of the clever little simply-staged revue in the tiny little theatre. He was lessee of the Ambassadors when war broke out and he used this house to stage little revues like *Odds and Ends* and *More*, in which he developed a particular type of Anglo-French comedy with the lively assistance of Delysia and the long, thin, lugubrious Morton, whose efforts to master English remained an exquisite and unforgettable triumph of hope over experience. Mr. Cochran also opened the neighbouring and not much larger playhouse, the St. Martin's, in 1916 with a revue of a similar intimate kind called *Hoop La.*

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There was a brilliant series of similar revues at the Comedy and other theatres and it is noticeable that they enlisted the services of some rising authors who are still our best writers in this kind. Mr. Hastings Turner, who wrote *Bubbly* (1917), in which Mr. Jack Hulbert scored one of his earliest and biggest successes, seems temporarily to have dropped out, but Mr. Ronald

Jeans, who was the author or part-author of many 'last-war' winners in the West End (e.g. *Give and Take*, *Tabs*, *Buzz-Buzz*) is still in practice as the most skilful of our revue-makers. He is now, incidentally, working on larger matters, such as a Palladium show for Mr. George Black and his Crazy Gang: he was the librettist, too, of Mr. Cochran's revue of 1939 and, if I were a manager who wished to commission a first-rate book, I should have to choose between him and Mr. Farjeon (of the Little Revues) and Mr. Barber (of the Gate).

It was also in the wartime revues of those days that many of our most brilliant revue-artists of to-day learned their business, found their chance, and took it. At this point one must pay a tribute to the extreme sagacity of M. Charlot as a talent-spotter. He had begun his English career as manager of the Alhambra in 1912, built up the revue tradition of that house, and subsequently did the same for the Vaudeville with smaller, cleverer types of entertainment. It was in these Vaudeville affairs that Miss Beatrice Lillie, who had been in one or two of the bigger Alhambra shows, revealed the uncanny brilliance of her wayward, mocking gaiety and established herself as the leader of London's sophisticated comedy. Nobody in recent times has ever put more devastation into the tilt of an eye-brow or more impudence into a look or move than Miss Lillie. That is a fact which New York nowadays seems to appreciate more warmly than does London, whose welcome to her last winter's work was by no means as lengthy or rewarding as the quality of her wit deserved.

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When one remembers that among the leaders of wartime musical shows in those days were Messrs. Henson, Hulbert, and Buchanan along with Miss Beatrice Lillie, Miss Cicely Courtneidge, and Alice Delysia, one may conclude

that, while the technique of war itself has been drastically altered during the intervening years, the business of relieving war's strains and sufferings and of providing escape through entertainment has changed very little. Indeed, it seems to be the case that war without *Chu Chin Chow* is regarded as an unimaginable proposition by the British Public. That old soldier might have been thought to be duly fading away by the arrival of 1940, but back he came, justified mainly by the hearty and infectious type of melody which Frederic Norton had fitted so aptly to the visual splendours and broad humours of Oscar Asche's Bagdad. In September 1939 there was a considerable vogue for reviving the tunes of the last war. Few better deserved this compliment than those of the Robbers, the Cobbler, and the lovers in *Chu Chin Chow*.

Spies and Cabbages

Between 1914 and 1918 the theatre never endured anything like the hardships that it has undergone in recent years. The black-out then was a trifle compared with ours, and the general sense of apprehension was surely far less. Moreover there was some inflation of the currency and a good deal of profiteering, both of which have been properly checked so far on this occasion. Consequently money flowed. The public were ready to spend and the shipowners, manufacturers and gamblers in stocks, who were doing uncommonly well out of the war, were ready to invest in theatrical ventures. Consequently there was a regular stream of new productions. The level, however, of the straight play was by no means high and the legitimate stage was occupied with war-plays about spies and farces about adventures in bed-rooms which would strike us as extremely crude if presented nowadays. One of these veteran war-plays was, in fact, revived in London recently and very soon disappeared. Taste in this form of melodrama certainly alters a good deal in a quarter of a century and yesterday's spies can be as unattractive as yesterday's cabbage.

The Napoleonic Epic

The general assumption that nobody wants intelligent theatre in wartime is never absolutely correct and, to our credit, there has been better response to plays of quality in this war than during the previous conflict. After Mr. Granville-Barker had produced his stage-version of Thomas Hardy's historical and philosophical epic, *The Dynasts*, at the Kingsway in November, 1914, the serious theatre was put out of commission and remained so, with a few trifling exceptions, until 1919. The 'Old Vic', it was true, had turned, as a wartime measure, from opera to Shakespeare and classical drama, and had found for its leading lady a young repertory actress from the north, namely Miss Sybil Thorndike. The 'Vic' team was much a humbler business than it is now and there was no approach to West End status in its productions. But it maintained its vigorous life through the anxieties, privations, and air-raids of those times with the young Miss Thorndike taking on not only the Imogens and Portias, but the Lancelot Gobbos and Ferdinands when the war had left no suitable men for the parts.

But there was nothing then like the Westminster Theatre season of 1939–40, which was gallantly opened with Mr. Priestley's experimental and somewhat 'Expressionistic' play, *Music at Night*, and did so well, despite all the difficulties of the time, that it was able to

proceed with further productions, such as Shaw's *Major Barbara,* O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms,* a success both in town and on tour, and Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln.* Mr. Priestley's play made a fine challenge to the imaginative faculties and its presentation was thus a definite and a successful counterblow to the view that the serious theatre was impossible at such a time. Given a good show and a moderate price, the public, at least until the outburst of total war and the submergence in that fearful flood of the Low Countries and of France, was fully ready to take advantage of the opportunity. Consequently when Mr. Gielgud reopened the 'Old Vic' with so grim a play as *King Lear* and offered the public not only his own fine central performance, but a cast of such distinction (and, in ordinary times and places, of such cost) as no West End manager could hope to rally under one roof, the response was tremendous. Until the war came sweeping actually to our shores, the house was packed and enough money was made to carry the season on (with much diminished houses) until the beginning of July.

Abnormal War

The second play acted was *The Tempest,* with decoration by Mr. Oliver Messel, and this, too, would have been a strong magnet in any normal wartime, but June 1940 was *abnormal* war with no qualification whatever and the general anxiety to be at home, to dig the garden, to drill and prepare for L.D.V. or A.R.P., and, above all, to hear the news, severely damaged not only the plays of ambition but many of the 'escape' shows and 'musicals' as well. By the end of June there was only one 'straight' play, *Rebecca,* left in the centre of London and the number of surviving revues had dwindled to a handful. In comparing the conditions of the theatre in the two wars, one must always bear in mind the different species and degrees of competition. In 1914 the amount of cinema was limited and there was no wireless. The radio may have found much-needed employment for a considerable number of actors and actresses, but it has been a powerful enemy of the theatre all through this war. At any time of crisis and special expectancy the lure of the nine o'clock news has been overwhelmingly strong and has taken home many thousands of people who might otherwise have stayed out and gone to a play.

Lure of the Small

None the less the small club theatres, a comparatively new arrival, were able to continue. It may seem odd that, amid the menace of air-raids, people should wish to gather in rooms and small halls rather than in substantial theatres, but such proved to be the case, the attraction presumably lying in the moderation of the prices as well as in the atmosphere of intimacy and friendliness which such institutions can create. Moreover here, with the very low cost of capitalising and production, it was possible to put on plays of distinction and the public who were thoroughly weary of musical shows and routine wartime 'escape stuff' went readily to such club-theatres as the Torch, the Gate, the Unity, and the Neighbourhood.

The Gate maintained its touch with foreign and domestic authors of the highest class, and the Neighbourhood, which was only opened in the black month of June, won immediate attention by its production of *Thunder Rock* by an American author, Mr. Charles Ardrey. This strongly imagined piece, linking old troubles with new, the dead

with the living, and their causes with ours, was a powerful and an urgent argument against isolationism, whether of the individual or the State.

So it could fairly be claimed that the serious theatre did put up a far better show in this war than in the last. A particular example of faith and energy was shown at Stratford-on-Avon. The popularity of the All-Summer Shakespeare Festival there in recent years had been largely based on motor-transport. Remove the petrol and it seemed that you reduced the Stratford Festival at once to its old and humbler condition of three weeks at Easter and four or five in August and September. I had thought that the Governors would certainly have to abandon their programme in June or July and losses certainly were made. But the thrifty policy of previous years had made provision for such a lean time and it was decided to continue with the whole season.

Disrupted Amateurs

The fortune of drama in the provinces resembled that of London. It depended on news of battle and the chances of war. Some towns were assisted, others harmed by the evacuations and movements of population. So 'business' in the theatre varied accordingly. The amateur movement, which in 1914 had not existed on anything like so large a scale or with such high ambitions, was largely overwhelmed. Its halls were seized for A.R.P. or billeting of troops. Its members, male and female, found their evenings occupied with new duties. Black-out and petrol shortage made attendance at rehearsals and performances difficult. The entertainment of the troops had been taken over by E.N.S.A. Though E.N.S.A's standard of concert-party fun was never considered to be lofty, it was just as well that E.N.S.A. did avert the menace of amateur pierrot-troupes, for this type of entertainer was one of the afflictions of the last war and could add horribly to the irksomeness of life in camp and the pains of confinement in hospital.

Simplification

Without a National Theatre we have no central organisation for devising a National Theatre policy in wartime. E.N.S.A. sits at Drury Lane, spinning a huge web of concert parties and a certain amount of popular drama for troops and also for munition workers. The National Theatre was a site in Bloomsbury during the last war and now it is a site in South Kensington. Then a hole and still a hole—and perhaps not even a better 'ole! But the spirit of dramatic endeavour has proved much stronger in 1939 than in 1914. It has faced far greater difficulties. Transport, organisation, and finance are more of a problem than ever. But out of these dilemmas may spring new ideas and methods. A simplification of the theatre was overdue. Let us forget the pomp of the proscenium arch and the heavy production and get back to four boards and a passion! That is what the 'Old Vic' will be doing in Wales and Lancashire this autumn. Its players will show, I believe, what fine results can be achieved by direct and unaffected contact with the audience. They may guide us to that cheaper, more flexible, more elemental theatre which alone may be possible amid the poverty of post-war Britain.

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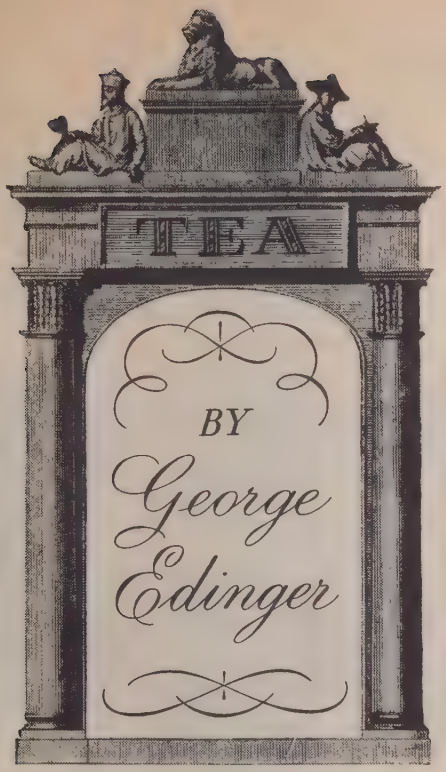


'THAT man has no tea in him,' the Japanese say of one who lacks sensibility and poise, virtues acquired essentially over steaming porcelain cups in tidy tea gardens. Well, the British certainly have tea in them. We drink half the tea in the world, six times as much as the Dutch, who are the next heaviest tea drinkers. The French only drink one per cent of what we do.

Dr. Johnson boasted that with tea he amused the evening, with tea he solaced the midnight, and with tea he welcomed the morning. De Quincey swore that tea would always be the favourite drink of the intellectual. Thackeray said that Nature meant very kindly by women when she made the tea plant. By women indeed! The sailors on His Majesty's ships drink fourteen cups a day, and a miner takes two quarts, cold, in a shift, when he can get them.

When the Mad Hatter told Alice that he never bothered to clear the tea things away because it was always tea time, he was less mad than he is made out. For if it is not always tea time in England, it is always time for tea. That is why we manage to consume 6 lb. a head per annum in peace time.

About one cup of every thirty-six we drink is compounded of tea from China. It is only within the last hundred years that tea has been grown anywhere else. The Chinese have known it four thousand years. They have made of it a philosophy and a ritual. They possess a Holy Scripture of Tea, written eleven hundred years ago by Luhwuh the Poet, whose Teaism was a philosophy as complex and as complete as Taoism. '*. . . in the boiling thereof are three particular stages and at the fifth cup I am called to the realm of the immortals.*' One Mandarin became notorious throughout China for his inability to tell, at the first sip, a cup of tea made by the hand of the great Luhwuh.

A small handful of salt was the only admixture in the earliest Chinese tea, which was made in bricks boiled in water. Then came powdered tea, whipped with a whisk of fine bamboo. Lastly, in the fifteen-hundreds, when China was beginning to breathe again after her conquest by the Mongol savages, and when the first Dutch ships came sailing among the islands of the China Seas, tea was drunk as we drink it now, steeped in boiling water.

In that manner the Dutch brought the new drink to the West. Restoration London welcomed the 'Drink called by the Chineans Toha, by other nations

Tay, alias Tee' most kindly, even if it did cost £3 the pound. For here was the first drink over which men and women could meet for company and conversation.

'To be Empress at my own tea table. . . .' It is the firmest claim of the wife in Congreve's *Way of the World.* When seventeenth-century woman came down to the tea table, Woman had stepped out into her place in society. Henceforward, she could meet and mix with man, and round the tea-table politics, literature and commerce began to revolve. But from the very first, that eternal skeleton at the Tea Party—Scandal—began to stalk those panelled Restoration rooms. At eleven in the morning, which was the fashionable hour for tea drinking, the reputations of half the town were dissected like the tea leaves that were served, cut up, salted and peppered, to the poet Southey 120 years after in a Suffolk cottage.

At the coming of the eighteenth century (we imported 20,000 lb. of tea a year then) Swift was ranting at Madam o'er her evening tea

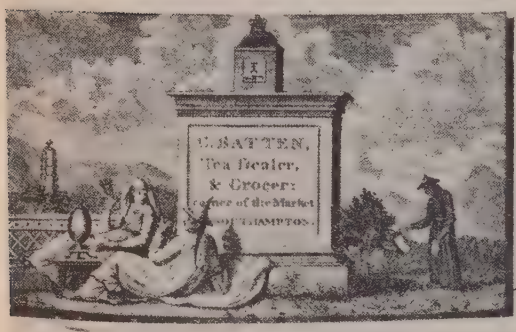
'Surrounded by the noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes and harridans.'

Soon the poet Young was trembling

'at the fatal stream
As Lethe dreadful to a man's good name,'

and although Queen Anne

'Whom three great realms obey
Did sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea,'



TEA MERCHANTS' TRADE CARDS OF THE LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

there was a strong school (headed by the brewers) who, as the 20,000 lb. swelled to five millions in fifty years, wondered, with the traveller Hanway, where the evil would stop, since 'our very chambermaids have lost their bloom by drinking tea'. How it ever happened that a drink which neither nourished nor intoxicated took possession of the bodies of the English people, no one has ever tried to explain. But the tea-drinking habit (eighteenth-century tea was flavoured with sugar and rum) was carried by the pioneers of Empire to its remotest outposts. So trappers swallowed their tea (with rum) by the shores of Hudson's Bay and Virginian gentlemen served it under the porticos of their plantation houses.

Thus it happened, in 1775, that King George III's Government, looking for some article on which to tax the

Americans for the cost of their own defence, hit upon tea. The rest is history. Disguised as Indians, a party of American patriots invaded the tea ships in Boston harbour and—

> 'made a mighty pot of tea in one of the largest dishes
> I mean they threw it in the sea and toasted all the fishes'

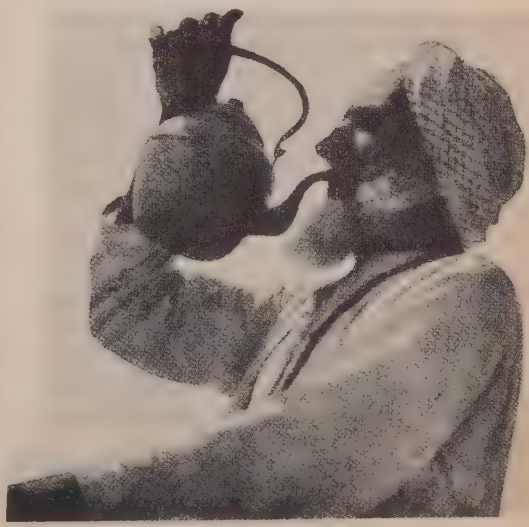
by throwing 340 chests of tea into the Atlantic.

The day the American War of Independence was begun, Loyalist 'fifth column' men in all the Provinces made themselves known at the taverns by demanding white coffee, by which they meant tea, while those of the Independence persuasion were urged to 'dash the cup infused with bane'. And when this historic storm in the tea cup had subsided, the Imperial connection was snapped between Britain and America.

Tea in the eighteenth century was usually drunk after the evening meal. It was not till the eighteen-forties that the Duchess of Bedford astonished her guests by receiving them at five o'clock with tea and cakes instead of the usual cake and Madeira wine. The new fashion caught quickly, though there were still houses like the Marquis of Anglesey's, where the daughters had to push the tea cups under the sofa when they heard papa's uneven tread (he had lost a leg at Waterloo) on the stairway outside, and households like Mrs. Carlyle's, where the maid, chided for not boiling the water, said it was as hot as you could drink it, anyway.

But it was only as a meal, *not* as a drink, that tea was fashionable or 'refined'. To the Early Victorian clerk and mechanic, tea drinking had become a ceremony of almost Chinese importance. In a London already fast spreading but not yet close-packed, there was space for twenty large and seventy small tea gardens, from Cremorne, with its fireworks and balloon ascents, to the little grass enclosures at the back of the public houses. There was Vauxhall and Chalk Farm and Bagnigge Wells and the Eagle in the City Road where the Weasel went Pop.

London was the centre for distributing tea to all the world and that led to a revolution in sea transport. It was the rush to be first at the Californian gold diggings, in 1849, that first made speed desirable in a ship. Till then



(These illustrations by courtesy of the *Geographical Magazine*)

nobody minded very much how long they took over a sea journey. But it was the Tea Trade that developed the new idea of speed at sea. The first tea cargo home commanded the highest price, so shipbuilders went into fierce competition, building 'Clipper' ships to carry the tea from Chinese ports to London docks. The lines and perfect sails of the Yankee Clipper set the fashion.

From Clipper to Cup

On December 3rd, 1850, Britain received, for the first time, a consignment of tea out of a foreign ship when the *Oriental* (of Boston) hauled into West India Docks ninety-seven days after leaving Shanghai with 1,118 tons of fine Oolong tea aboard. Like the North Atlantic race for the Blue Ribbon, the China Tea Race was a world event. Men spoke of the *Cutty Sark* and the *Thermopylae*, the *Ariel* and the *Sea Witch*, as later they talked of the *Mauretania* and the *Normandie*. Neck and neck the Clippers ran those 16,000 miles around the Cape, beating each other by a matter of hours at their homecoming. The greatest race of all time was the contest between *Ariel*, *Taiping* and *Serica* in 1866. All three slipped out from Min River together, all met off the Lizard, all docked in London on the same tide. And as the tea chests were frantically heaved ashore, in fierce competition, word came that the race was a dead-heat and the £1 prize per ton of cargo would be evenly divided among the crews.

It took three wars in China, which cut off the supply of tea, to convince the East India Company that a plant sited in Assam might really be a tea bush and not a camellia. It took their Governor-General four months' travel by barge and elephant to reach the plant in 1834 and the difficulties were only just beginning. Chinese experts were imported and they quietly boiled the seeds after planting, so that their own tea trade should not be harmed. Tigers and head hunters slew seventy per cent of the English planters, but Britain persevered against Chinese guile as against the Yankee Clipper. Disguised as Chinese, Englishmen slipped into the tea gardens about Canton; watched, learned, and brought their skill to Assam. In 1838 Assam tea was sold for the first time in London, and to-day the Empire Tea Industry employs two millions and India normally exports 240 million pounds to the 180 million that China sends.

A Toast—in Tea!

So tea has seeped its way about the world. Tea, drunk neat and pale in handle-less porcelain cups in China; tea, boiled with jam and lemon in Russia; tea, as the Canadians take it, flavoured with cloves, cinnamon and rum; tea, drunk as it is in North Africa out of glasses with mint and a great deal of sugar; tea in Tibet, great bricks of it, kneaded with dough and rancid butter; Australian tea, thrown in handfuls into the boiling billy; tea, as America takes it, a little bag of leaves slung inside the pot; French tea, with hot milk.

Tea, above all, in London. Not so much of it, perhaps, and one must be careful with the sugar, but still tea in London. Just as it was at its first coming, it remains essentially the meal at which men and women mix most freely. For all the memories that it holds for me, for all that it has wrought for good or evil, I would gladly drink its health, in its own warm brown self—if my ration were not, alas, exhausted for the week.

A BOOK OF TO-DAY

The Fifth Arm

reviewed by TOM HOPKINSON

Wickham Steed's 'The Fifth Arm', published by Constable, records the part propaganda played in the Great War, and shows what it has already achieved in this war. The achievements are all on the other side, because among us the propaganda weapon is still underrated and misunderstood.

THIS war will not be won by aeroplanes. It will not be won by an invasion. It will not be won by the blockade. It will be won, in the end, by ideas. It is not chance that the German who has made himself best known to the British public since the war began is not a general, not an air-ace, but a radio propagandist.

The Germans have their ideas. They have been putting them before the world for years. To us their ideas seemed so unreasonable, so inhuman, that we refused to believe in them, as one might refuse to believe in a plague of sea-serpents. But the ideas were there. And when the time came, they were found to be ideas which appealed to a large number of men and women in every country—to a large number of highly-placed people in our own country. They did not appeal to a majority of people, but they appealed to quite enough. Hitler has never used majorities. He despises them.

What were these ideas?

First, that Germany had been cruelly wronged by the Treaty of Versailles.

And what might one not have made of the Peace Treaty of Versailles! What might this instrument of measureless blackmail and most shameful humiliation not have become in the hands of a Government minded to whip up national passions to boiling point! How might propaganda of genius not have turned to account its sadistic cruelties in order to transform the indifference of a people into indignation, and its indignation into hottest rage!

'Could one not have made its every point burn so long into the brain and the feeling of our people that at last a common sense of shame and common hatred should become, in the heads of sixty millions of men and women, one single fiery ocean of flame out of whose glowing heat a steel-hard will should arise and the cry break forth: "Give us arms again!"...

'But, to do this, everything from the child's story book to the last newspaper, every theatre, every cinema and every advertisement hoarding must be brought into the service of this single mission until the panic-stricken prayer of our patriotic societies to-day: "Lord set us free!" becomes, even in the brain of the smallest boy, the glowing plea: "Almighty God, bless our arms on the day; be just as Thou ever wast; judge now, whether we merit freedom; Lord bless our fight!" All has been neglected and nothing done.'

There, in the pages of *Mein Kampf*, it is clear how Hitler regards the Versailles Treaty. A thing to use. An occasion for arousing passions. Hatred,

shame, and hottest rage are not the result of it—they are something which, skilfully handled, it can be made to bring forth. And the proof is that still, when the Versailles Treaty and everything to do with it is swept away, Hitler cannot make a speech without an immense preamble on its wrongs.

The Supreme Consolation

A second Nazi idea was that of racial superiority. That was an idea of double cunning. It gave the ordinary man a sense of grandeur—and it provided him at the same time a scapegoat. He, the Aryan, the man of superior Germanic stock, might be in a low position; he might secure scarcely enough to eat; he might have heavy deductions from his wages and be expected to give his spare time to party work. His political rights might have disappeared, his children have been taken from him by the State and he, with everything he had, be led blindfold into war. But—just as the early Christian had a salvation that made all his sufferings worth while, a salvation to come hereafter—so the German has his supreme consolation here on earth: the consolation that he is a German—and all other races are inferior to his.

He has a source of pride, and he has an object to detest—the Jew. His army, the pride of the whole nation, the embodiment of the only virtues he genuinely admires, is defeated in the field. Unbearable shame, the ruin of the Germanic vision—no! The shame is carried away, the failure purged. The army was never defeated. It was the Jew who stabbed it in the back.

A third idea: this time an ideal. The ideal of absolute ruthlessness. Destruction for its own sake—destruction that will engulf in the end the destroyer too. Time and again in this war the Nazis have been successful because something they planned to do was foreseen by their enemy, but ruled out with the argument—'If they do that, they will be destroyed'.

'If they invade Norway their transports will be sunk and their men drowned.' 'If they try parachute warfare, they will lose a lot of lives.' 'If their spies come swarming over the French countryside, many of them will be caught and killed.' Such arguments, reasonable to ordinary minds, exercise not the slightest effect upon Nazi plans or their execution. Destruction, even self-destruction, is not something to be avoided. It is an end.

Besides her ideas, ideas which appeal overwhelmingly to the violent, the arrogant, the jealous, the rapacious and the disillusioned in all lands, Nazi Germany has a method. The method is total war.

We Were Warned

For years before war actually began, such men as Wickham Steed were incessantly warning us that the course Germany was following could only end in war. That Nazi Germany would not slip into war by accident. That she was designed for nothing else but to plunge, headlong and ecstatic, into war—and that every assurance to the contrary was part of a deliberate plan to gain time, to undermine resistance, to make the war more devastating when it came. How utterly wrong were the appeasers! 'Why,' they cried, 'he can have what he wants without war!'—but what he wanted was just war.

'*There seems to be an indestructible belief in many British minds,*' writes Wickham Steed, '*that all Germans, including Prussians, are a slightly different sort of Englishman, and that they will respond as Englishmen would to*

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generous or sympathetic treatment. The remarkable thing about this belief is not so much its ignorance or its folly as the rashness of those who entertain it. What do the majority of Britons, including our public men and responsible statesmen, know of German history or of the background of German minds? Not enough to enable them to pass an elementary examination by a German school-teacher. When they are told that Hitler's policy was laid down in its broad lines by the German philosopher Fichte as long ago as 1807, and that the line of German political thought runs straight from Fichte to Hitler, they smile incredulously. Yet these are the realities behind Nazi action and German propaganda to-day. The chief obstacle to international understanding does not lie in differences of speech or, usually, in any clash of material interests. It lies in the difference between the things different people take for granted, the things which members of one nation rarely discuss among themselves because everybody is supposed to know them. Yet these are the very things of which other nations know little or nothing, and never take for granted.'

Faced with such an enemy, what are we to do? Against such ideals and such a method, what have we to set? What, in fact, are we fighting for?

Not Good Enough

'France and Britain,' said M. Daladier, 'wage war to end the rule of aggression, and to eliminate the necessity of mobilising every six months.' Not good enough. No force, no idealism, there. 'Not good enough' it proved.

To defend our liberties as Englishmen. But will Dutchmen, Norwegians, Czechs, Poles, Austrians—and Germans—risk their lives in fighting Nazis for our liberties? And how is Nazi power to be broken on the Continent of Europe till they do?

To restore the rights of small nations? But what, and who, is to guarantee those rights when they are restored?

We are driven irresistibly to form a genuine, a humane, a free, and universal war aim. Not even merely European—for it must attract the spirits of men in America, New Zealand, China, Russia, Australia. We are driven to realise that we are fighting for one thing only, or one above all others, a new world. What shape is that new world to take? How are we to convey our plans for that new world to all the conquered peoples? In these two questions policy, strategy and propaganda are united.

Towards the Light

Extreme good and extreme evil both exercise on men's minds a tremendous fascination. At the moment we are trying to oppose the forces of extreme evil with conceptions of decency. Our society, we say, 'might be a lot worse'. True, our educational system is out of date, and through our whole national life money-making is an accepted ideal. Granted all that—but even so, is not our way of life better than the Nazi way?

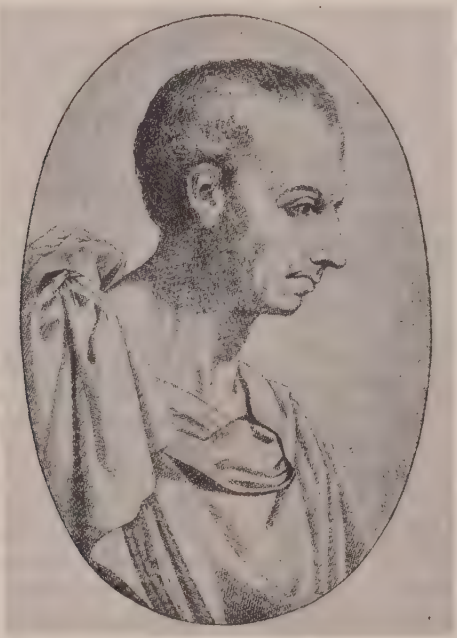
Such arguments will not bring Europe to its feet. Europe will never rise to pay 2½ per cent on War Loan, or to maintain the Public School system.

But set before Europe a picture of a just and equal society of peoples, pledge ourselves to bring such a society into being, take steps now to show that all who wish for such a society can have work and a place among us—and the people of Europe, however hopelessly they now seem to be enslaved, will break out towards the light. That is policy, and that is propaganda.

A BOOK OF YESTERDAY

Machiavelli's 'The Prince'

reviewed by H. BUTTERFIELD



Although Nicolò Machiavelli's maxims for aggressors were completed in 1513 they might equally have been addressed to the Dictators of our own time—Mr. Butterfield, a Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, is author of 'The Statecraft of Machiavelli'.

If Machiavelli's *Prince* has a striking significance for the present day, that is not merely because politics have become more 'Machiavellian', more cunning and unscrupulous, in recent years. It is because the particular emergency, the peculiar cut-throat rivalry, the special brand of crisis-politics that he had in mind when he wrote his treatise, have been revived in Europe very much in the form in which he conceived them over four centuries ago.

He tells us in *The Prince* that the ordinary hereditary ruler of a country needs no special statesmanship—all he has to do is to follow the traditions

of his family and conform to the customs of the realm. Where there is a stable constitution and the spirit of the people is healthy, a prince has no great difficulty in maintaining himself in power. 'It is in the *new* monarchy, however, that difficulties really arise.'

Machiavelli's treatise was written for the 'new prince', the usurper, the self-made tyrant who has acquired his power by irregular means—for the man who has dispossessed the legitimate ruler, overthrown the legal constitution, or carved out a new state in territory recently acquired. Such a ruler is in a particularly precarious position and he cannot depend upon that traditional loyalty and affection which time can bring to an ancient dynasty. *The Prince* is a collection of the precepts by which he must be guided if he wishes to maintain his authority. Let him follow these maxims, says Machiavelli, and he will become 'as safe on his throne as an hereditary king'.

Machiavelli's usurper is closer to the modern Hitler and Mussolini than many people have realised; for, being a Renaissance student of the ancient world, Machiavelli showed a remarkable interest in what the classical scholar calls the 'Legislator'. The 'Legislator' was a leader who acquired supreme power and used his authority to refound a state and provide it with a new constitution and a new régime. Machiavelli in his *Discourses on Livy* showed great interest in this type of dictator, who represented a special form of the 'new prince'.

And he was particularly concerned to study the methods by which such a man could gain complete domination of the state and could maintain his hold, once he had acquired the power. In *The Prince* he hopes that this kind of ruler will arise in Italy and establish a powerful state, able to hold its own against France and Spain. Only a new prince, a dictator, a Cesare Borgia, can rescue Italy from her humiliating situation.

In *The Discourses*, first of all, he tells you how to behave when you are conspiring against the existing government or seeking to assassinate the legitimate ruler. He shows you what to do if you are a successful general anxious to seize the throne; and he explains how in a republic a man can climb to the summit of power by cultivating his popularity with the masses.

In any given state, he says, there is only a comparatively small handful of people who are vitally interested in the preservation of the existing régime; therefore it is not difficult to overthrow the system, provided you destroy this handful of people or buy them over with honours and offices. He advises the would-be dictator not to show his hand too soon—'not to become arrogant and cruel on a sudden but to move through intermediate stages'.

One of the great themes of *The Discourses* is the study of the process by which a liberal régime decays; and free institutions come to be replaced by despotism.

Once the usurper-dictator has achieved his power, Machiavelli offers him *The Prince*—a collection of the maxims he must follow if he wishes to maintain his precarious position.

He cannot trust in the habitual loyalty of an affectionate people. His own subjects, we are told, 'will be ever ready to see a change of masters'.

He must realise that he has to make himself feared rather than loved, and

above all, he must avoid being despised, avoid anything that may bring him into contempt.

His work will be easier if the family of the dispossessed ruler is wiped out.

He will be more secure if he refrains from attacking the property and the women of his subjects.

The Iron Heel

He must have his fame trumpeted abroad and must make sure that all acts of pardon and generosity go to his personal credit, while the ministers bear the odium of any cruelties that may be necessary. It is good to have the reputation for generosity but it is not good to be soft-hearted—one can be content with the outward appearance of virtue. And a prince who troubles himself too much about what 'ought to be done' will only go to the wall.

Indeed, Machiavelli adds in *The Discourses*, if you wish to be completely virtuous you can always retire into private life; and on a number of occasions he complains of the men who stop half-way and spoil the ship for a ha' p'orth of tar—the men who are not perfectly good but who do not dare to be thorough in their wickedness.

So, if you wish to destroy free institutions in a state, Machiavelli insists that you can only succeed provided you are unrelenting. You must kill the leaders of the liberal cause, you must destroy cities, transplant populations and overturn everything in the country. Where the population is degenerate your work is easier and you can conceal your tyranny by continuing the semblance of free institutions and using them as a mask.

Subjects may revenge themselves for small injuries, we learn, but they cannot revenge themselves if you utterly break them. When you have the chance you may find it clever to provoke enmity somewhere; so that you can suppress it, and then you will be more formidable than before. It is better to commit your severities all at once and not keep the people in a prolonged state of insecurity.

In the same line of thought Machiavelli says in *The Discourses* that it is better to kill men without warning than to threaten their lives; for in this latter case they will grow desperate and become a menace to you, but if you kill them they cannot revenge themselves, 'and their friends will soon forget them'. If a regiment or a locality rebels Machiavelli urges you not to be afraid of wholesale punishment and he commends the Roman practice—the execution of one man in every ten.

In foreign affairs, again, he seems to be writing for a twentieth-century dictator. You must have the slyness of the fox combined with the strength of the lion—working your purposes by fraud as well as by force. You must be ready to break a treaty that has ceased to be advantageous to you.

Power Politics

Above all, Machiavelli impresses upon the prince the importance of the military side of the work of government. The prince himself must actively participate in this, and all citizens must take their share in it, for the best army is a citizen-army that is fired with a patriotic spirit. To Machiavelli the first duty of the prince, the first function of the state, is military defence;

and in *The Discourses* he goes further than this—he says that when founding a state it is better not merely to aim at self-defence and long endurance. Your chance of survival will be greater if you do like the Romans and organise your state for the purposes of aggrandisement. And the first big topic which he discusses in *The Prince* (chapter iii) is the question of foreign conquests and the mode by which territory that has been conquered can be retained.

He conceives of the state, then, in the manner of Hitler and Mussolini; and he condemns what we to-day would call Maginot strategy—condemns the prince who puts his trust in fortresses and lets the martial spirit of his people go into decline. He says it is a mistake to remain neutral when your neighbours are at war—your friends feel betrayed and your enemies despise you and you are liable to become the victim of the victorious power.

One of his maxims may have a special point in reference to the present situation of Europe. He shows how the French King, Louis XII, invaded Italy and made alliance with the papacy in the days of Alexander VI. Alexander's son, Cesare Borgia, took advantage of this to make the Papal States more strong, with the result that some years later the revived Papal States helped to drive Louis XII himself out of Italy. If a Mussolini (in order to assist his own aggrandisement) helps a neighbour like Hitler to increase his power; or, if a Hitler (in order to gain his ends elsewhere) encourages Italy or Russia to extend her dominion, he is breaking one of Machiavelli's maxims in *The Prince*—for to achieve a momentary purpose he is nursing a potential rival and helping one of his neighbours to become more formidable for the future.

Another maxim for aggressors—to be found in *The Discourses*—has special application to the events even of recent months. When you are making war on a people, says Machiavelli, you may find it useful to say that your hostility is not against them but only against some of the leading citizens amongst them. The populace is gullible and will tend to trust your promises when you say that only a small minority will be the sufferers from your victory. When they have opened their gates to your troops they will discover the noose into which they have put their heads. But then it will be too late.

AGGRESSION BY STAGES

It is sufficient to say to a man, 'pray lend me your sword', without telling him you intend to kill him with it, for when you have got the sword in your hand you may do what you please with it.

—Machiavelli's DISCOURSES

Soldier of Surgery*

by TREVOR ALLEN

A SPRING day in Leeds in 1883 resolved the career of the late Lord Moynihan, former President of the Royal College of Surgeons, second surgeon in English history to be elevated to the peerage. His mother wanted him to be a doctor; but the Moynihans had always been soldiers, his father had been a soldier—a very gallant one, among the first to be awarded the V.C. by Queen Victoria for heroism in the Crimea entailing no less than twelve wounds. Berkeley had been born at Malta; when his father died there and the family had to leave for England, the child was passed down the ranks of the company on parade, each soldier holding him for a few moments. At eighteen he revered his father's sword and Cross. He would be a soldier, too . . .

Then, on that momentous spring day, he suddenly told his mother: 'Something very important has happened to me to-day! . . . I decided to be the other thing.' She thought he was joking, but he added:

I mean I am going to save life, not take it. As we were coming back from swimming we passed the infirmary. We stood and looked at it for a little while. It came on me all of a sudden that that was what I really wanted to do. The Moynihans have done enough killing. It's time they mended their ways! And I'm going to be the first to do it. I'm going to be a doctor!

Dr. Bateman tells this story of an oral examination in physiology:

To one of Foster's questions Berkeley gave an answer that Foster said was wrong. There was disagreement. The examiner was dissatisfied; Berkeley maintained his facts to be correct. This dialogue ensued:

'What is the authority for your answer?'

'Michael Foster's text-book.'

'But I am Michael Foster!'

'Then you are my authority. If, sir, you will have your text-book sent for, you will find my answer is the right one.'

The text-book was duly brought, the relevant passage turned up, and Berkeley vindicated.

In due time he opened a private practice. His first patient at the end of a week was a schoolboy who had cut his cheek with a cricket stump.

Dr. Bateman writes amusingly of Berkeley's innovations in surgical dress. Before he joined the infirmary staff the surgeons there operated in ordinary clothes plus apron, minus gloves. He introduced the white coat, despite ridicule, and returned from a visit to America with several pairs of rubber gloves. These occasioned even worse ridicule, for they are

easy to tear and have a disconcerting way of slipping through one's fingers and landing on the floor—after which there is an embarrassing wait while they are resterilised! Berkeley had great difficulty in getting them on, his task not being made easier by the sniggerings of his critics behind his back as he struggled

**Berkeley Moynihan, Surgeon.* By Donald Bateman (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.).

with the slippery things. When he had got them on they made his work, by reducing the sensitivity of the feeling in his finger tips, for the time being more laborious and slower—another source of criticism. Then, being unused to them, he would frequently prick or cut them with his instruments and, as a rubber glove is without virtue unless entirely free from holes, frequent repairs were necessary . . .

His hands were rather broad and short, but he trained them to a subtle degree of accuracy. In his early days he would carry a short piece of thin string in his pocket and in idle moments tie and untie it as he talked, without looking at it, or loop it round the arm of a chair and knot and unknot it with one hand only, practising until he was as dexterous with each. Never would he use them for rough work about house or garden.

A French visitor to Berkeley's operating theatre watched the washing and scrubbing, the change into white clothes—an unusual spectacle in those days; but when finally Berkeley discarded his leather shoes for white rubber ones the Frenchman smiled, turned to his neighbour, and asked '*Does he then stand in the abdomen while he works?*' While the operation was in progress, Berkeley spoke repeatedly of the care he was taking to reduce incidental bleeding to a minimum. '*Is your English blood, then, so precious?*' *the visitor enquired.*

But Berkeley was an earnest advocate of 'gentle surgery' in which every contact with the tissues should be a 'caress'. He followed humbly the aseptic teaching of Lister, of whom he said 'Lister has saved more lives than have been lost in all the wars of all the ages', and once wrote, *apropos* his barony, 'To be put, not alongside, that would be sacrilege, but near him—it simply brings a lump to my throat, and drowns an eye unused to flow'.

As his fame grew, so did his fees. He could, however, be lenient to the needy, and in remote farmhouses on the Yorkshire moors

would operate by the light of an oil-lamp upon a patient laid on a kitchen table, with the same calm assurance that he displayed beneath the brilliant lights of the Infirmary theatre.

He had an assistant, Leonard Braithwaite, who determined to play the sedulous ape. One day, after an operation, he was talking to the family. Turning to Braithwaite with some impatience, he asked: 'Why do you always follow me?' 'I told you, sir, when I came to you, that I wished to learn all I could from you,' Braithwaite replied. 'It isn't only the operation that matters. I want to learn how you talk to people.' Berkeley frowned, hesitated; then a smile lit his face; placing his arm around the shoulders of the younger man, he said: 'That's right. This is almost as important as the rest.'

Dr. Bateman writes engagingly of his love of adventure and his harmless egotism:

The adventure of the doctor's life enthralled him, he was fascinated by medicine's heroes of the past, and of them would talk for hours. His own life, too, had been adventurous, he was the hero of a saga of his own. If he was an egotist, his was but the egotism of a child . . . Berkeley was a hero-worshipper, and of his heroes he was one. His vanity was in the things he had done—and these were many—and not in the rewards he won; the adventure was the thing that mattered, not the prize at the end of the road.

The Bookshelf

'Things that go bump in the night' are gravely considered in 'Poltergeists', by Sacheverell Sitwell. Faber & Faber, 15s.

I FORESEE a great future for poltergeists. There is no reason why they should not follow Freud, Yoga, Buchmanism and Christian Science as a popular cult of the century. Like inferiority-complexes, they may soon become the all-explaining catchword of our lives.

Although Mr. Sitwell ranges from Ste. Thérèse of Lisieux to Hitler, and even includes Nijinsky in a discussion of levitation, the cases he reviews are mostly 50 to 250 years old. Only the 'talking mongoose' has a contemporary sound. The book thus appears a solemn, fastidious and rather remote piece of scholarship. One should not make demands; yet one could wish for an occasional variation of tempo, a little less detachment, in treating such exciting material.

'Mr. Sitwell', says the 'blurb', 'promises a shudder on every page.' But I have made the experiment of reading his book in bed, and regret to say that I have not had a single bad dream. This is partly due to the curious plan on which the book is written: the lively, discursive introduction and examination, followed by the documents in full. At first one feels the subject is not taken too seriously. There is a glimpse of humour in the Phelps case: 'That evening, in the presence of the whole family, a turnip fell from the ceiling.' In this vein Mr. Sitwell sits pretty. But interest tends to flag amid long extracts from the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.

What are poltergeists? How are they distinct from spiritualism and witchcraft? Here Mr. Sitwell is cautious. A poltergeist is a perverse Robin Badfellow, a kind of anti-social, unsporting, ill-bred ghost. It behaves like a drunken hearty on bump-supper night, smashing furniture and shouting gibberish. It throws cutlery and crockery about in a semicircular trajectory, which is hardly cricket. Such violent ill-breeding sorts oddly with Mr. Sitwell's imperturbably well-bred prose.

Is not the Nazi state an instance of mass polter-ghastliness? Poltergeists, like Zeitgeists, are of German origin.

Ideas crowd into one's mind as one reads: 'The two most remarkable mediums of modern times, the brothers Willi and Rudi Schneider, came from Braunau, an old town which was the birthplace, too, of Adolf Hitler, the perfect type of a medium.'

And one thinks, fancifully, of the Reichstag Fire when Mr. Sitwell declares: '. . . this trait of incendiarism . . . is in the ordinary routine of the Poltergeist.'

A. J.

He gave the Post-Impressionists their first Exhibition. 'Roger Fry: A Biography', by Virginia Woolf. Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.

IT is a tribute to Mrs. Woolf's genius that nowhere does she herself intrude into this biography. Roger Fry's varied moods and peculiar foibles—his gullibility, his medicine bottles, his mannerisms and wild enthusiasms—might have made him fair game to a less sincere biographer. She has given us the facts and the background, and left us to enjoy the company of the man himself.

It would indeed be difficult not to enjoy Roger Fry's company. His Quaker upbringing served to make every experience more vivid, every development in his career more of an adventure. Everything surprised and excited him—from sex, sin and beauty to art, friendship and life itself.

In these days it is difficult to realise the stir which the Post-Impressionists caused. Roger

Fry risked his world-wide reputation as an art critic (and won the allegiance of the younger painters) when he instigated the first Exhibition of their work. 'The public in 1910 was thrown into paroxysms of rage and laughter. They went from Cézanne to Gauguin, and from Gauguin to Van Gogh, they went from Picasso to Signac, and from Derain to Friesz, and they were infuriated.'

Three years later public taste had been so much influenced that he was able to launch his Omega Workshops in Fitzroy Square. It seemed a wild, impractical scheme, and he threw himself into it heart and soul. The public was interested in his chintzes and painted furniture, his 'witty chairs', his stained glass and mosaic. 'Not only was the thing itself worth doing, but it opened a new world that appealed to his insatiable curiosity. He visited factories; he interviewed the makers of stuffs and carpets and wallpapers and furniture . . . He went down to Poole and took lessons in pottery . . .'

The Great War killed the venture, and the Omega Workshops are now only a name. Roger Fry found fresh interests—writing, painting, travelling, giving expert evidence in the case of a disputed Leonardo, making new friends, arguing on mysticism, talking in the beautiful voice which Mr. Bernard Shaw admired. There are sidelights on Pierpont Morgan, and on treatment by Coué. Roger Fry never recovered from the misery of his wife's insanity, but he was still capable of making a series of fresh starts in life with undiminished vigour.

It is an engrossing tale of a rich and fascinating life. Unlike many biographies it does not degenerate after the first sparkling chapters on childhood into a list of celebrities, a recital of famous names. Mrs. Woolf's interest in her subject never wanes, her sympathy increases. O. J.

Frank Smythe describes a Mountaineering Holiday in a book of that name. Issued by Hodder & Stoughton at 12s. 6d.

If only dictators and military experts could be persuaded to spend regular intervals of their lives climbing mountains, one reflects after reading *Mountaineering Holiday*, the world would be a happier place. For the mountaineer, viewing the world from a high and lonely peak, sees it in spiritual as well as optical perspective, is able to discover a sense of true values, the balance of essentials and inessentials which, it seems, can be achieved in no other way.

This comforting feeling of a well-balanced philosophy emerges very strongly from Mr. Smythe's book. He is an authority on mountains. He has been climbing them, photographing them, writing about them for a good many years. After scaling Everest to within a thousand feet of the summit, Mont Blanc must have been child's play to him, but it is precisely this quality of youthful zest that makes his latest account of an Alpine holiday a refreshing tonic in these days.

With a friend, he set out for a climbing holiday in the Dauphine Alps. Les Bans, Les Ecrins, the Tête Carrée, Mont Tondu, are names that will convey much to professional mountaineers. Even for those who feel with Ruskin that the beauty of mountains is best appreciated from the valleys, they acquire a charm; for Mr. Smythe's descriptions of the actual mechanics of climbing, of the ardours and exhilarations, the dangers and triumphs, above all the sense of adventure and achievement, are stimulating to the imagination.

He is at his best when describing the impact of clear mountain air, pine fragrance, and dazzling snow-bound panoramas on the senses, the feel of rock beneath the hand, of frozen snow beneath the foot. These things, after all, will endure, whatever ravages may be committed in the plains. They are commemorated in the twenty-four superb photographs which Mr. Smythe brought back from his holiday. J. H.

THE BOOKSHELF—continued

THE UNIVERSE THROUGH MEDICINE. By J. E. R. McDonagh, F.R.C.S. *Heinemann.* 25s.

Setting out the final results of nearly forty years' experience and research. The author aims at the disintegration and harnessing of all the sciences so that the practice of medicine may become a perfect synthesis of them, and show a far greater instrument for human well-being.

THE WAR CRISIS IN BERLIN JULY-AUGUST 1914. By Sir Horace Rumbold. *Constable.* 18s.

At the period under review the author was Counsellor of Embassy at Berlin. To the main narrative is added a despatch that he sent from Berlin in 1933, attempting an appreciation of Hitler's gospel and philosophy and of what they boded for Europe.

THOMAS E. DEWEY. ATTORNEY FOR THE PEOPLE. By Rupert Hughes. *Constable.* 12s. 6d.

'Reluctantly appointed to a supposedly hopeless task in the most corrupt and the richest county in the United States, he re-awakened a nation-wide hope that the freedom and honour of the republic were not mere bywords and that the law was truly mightier than its enemies.'

FROM VERSAILLES TO DANZIG. By Claud Golding. *George Allen & Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

'Through all this chaos runs one idea: that of revenge for Versailles, which at last began to take form in the rise of Nazism.'

NAZIS AND GERMANS. By Harold Picton. *George Allen & Unwin.* 5s.

'A feature of outstanding interest is the reports made to the author, not only by men who had suffered under the Nazi tyranny, but also by others actually functioning as Nazi officials.'

BRITISH LIFE AND THOUGHT:

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH, by A. Berriedale Keith; THE ENGLISH WOMAN, by Cicely Hamilton; BRITISH AVIATION, by F. A. de V. Robertson; BRITISH SHIPS AND BRITISH SEAMEN, by Michael Lewis. *Longmans.* 1s. each.

FREEDOM'S BATTLE. By J. Alvarez del Vayo. *Heinemann.* 15s.

'Foreign Minister, War Minister, Chief Spokesman of Spain at Geneva, Señor del Vayo reveals the secret archives of the vast international conspiracy alleged to have plunged Spain into war.'

LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS. By the Astronomer Royal (Dr. H. Spencer Jones, F.R.S.) *English Universities Press.* 7s. 6d.

'The question whether life exists on other worlds is one that still excites curiosity, and to which astronomers are expected to give an answer. In this book I have summarised the evidence, provided by present-day astronomy, and I have attempted to give an answer . . . Though conditions are heavily weighted against suitability for the existence of life, it is concluded that there must nevertheless be many other worlds where the appropriate conditions are to be found and where, therefore, we may suppose that life in some form or other does actually exist.'

MODERN TURKEY. By John Parker, M.P., and Charles Smith. *Routledge,* 12s. 6d.

Surveying the changes in moral standards, social structure and economic life that have taken place during the last twenty years.

THE SECRET WAR. By Guy H. Naylor, formerly of the British Consular Service. *John Long.* 16s.

'The inside story of the war behind the War—behind this War against Germany, and the World War, and the half-dozen other wars that have shaken the world since 1914—the secret war of diplomacy.'

FEDERAL UNION IN PRACTICE. By H. R. G. Greaves. 5s.

NEHRU, The Rising Star of India. By Anup Singh. *Allen & Unwin.* 5s.

'In India to-day, two names stand above all others—Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru. Nehru is re-orienting India's position in a shifting world situation.'

Cross-Section

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

The U.S.A. and Us

PROPAGANDA A GREAT many Americans regard 'propaganda' as an entirely legitimate and necessary form of international conduct. They grow suspicious only when an alien is uncertain whether he is prepared or not to make public statements in support of a belligerent case. The Foreign Agents Act, which requires the registration of all those persons acting for gain under the instructions of a foreign power, or who address American audiences in speaking or writing as if with the consent of their government, has, unluckily, never been tested. So incoming aliens who are definitely here on a commercial mission, and lecturers who propose to expound the Allied cause, have almost all not bothered to register.

GERMANY'S OPINION OF U.S.A.—'IMPUDENT, SHAMELESS, FOOLISH!'
This poster appeared in Germany 18 months ago

Several Senators have framed eighty-odd anti-alien bills which will come up before the present session of Congress. It is pretty certain, for example, that Representative Pace, of Americus, Georgia, will go to his grave clutching his private dream bill, which calmly disposes of aliens for ever in the simple section: 'that after December 31st, 1939, every alien in the United States shall be forthwith deported'.

An institution which Americans take to be a typically unassuming fount of propaganda bears a name similar to the registered German source of propaganda publication. It is, in fact, called The British Library of Information. I believe the Library is exactly that. I have not been able to verify a single instance of information being handed out with a bonus of opinion. The Library does not, like its German prototype, issue any publication of its own.

An outsider would be hard pressed to say whether its virtues, such as its lacking a bulletin or house publication, are a result of policy or penury. For until recently it was operating in pitifully cramped quarters and suggested to the average American newspaper man a provocatively hang-dog symbol of an Empire on relief.

ALISTAIR COOKE, in *The Fortnightly*.

CO-OPERATION AND MAGNANIMITY BRITAIN has been compelled by the astonishing position that she has won to adopt a certain attitude in world affairs. Trouble anywhere was a matter of vital concern for Britain, but America could thank God it was no concern of hers. America shared to the full the British ideal of a world order ruled by law, but American interests were such that the road to that ideal seemed to be to stand aloof and insist on the strict letter of America's legal

rights. Britain, on the other hand, must jump in, must actively compose the quarrel, find some acceptable compromise, maintain peace, and respect for treaties, if necessary making some local sacrifice, giving up some lesser British interest in order to maintain the general framework essential to her existence as a Great Power.

A certain standard of conduct in world affairs thus came to be expected of Britain, a decent regard for the rights and interests of others, a magnanimous attitude, an unwillingness to use her immense power, a sense of the responsibilities that go with power, and readiness to yield in order to bring about a settlement. Thus Lord Salisbury, the greatest of Britain's Foreign Ministers, became known (and by the foolish criticised) for his graceful concessions.

The British and American peoples have the same moral and political ideals, the same passion for political and intellectual liberty, and love of order, justice, and fair play. Anglo-American co-operation in world affairs would bring about the millennium overnight, but it is a mournful fact that it is those who most ardently desire Anglo-American co-operation who by their eager solicitation are chiefly responsible for driving America still deeper into isolation. In no situation are American interests, whatever the long view may be, so patently involved as British interests, and this eagerness accordingly wears in American eyes the appearance of an attempt to use America as a pawn in British policy. Never was there an idea at once so perverse and so harmful. If Britain were to abandon her traditional role in world affairs and, like America, stand aloof, that would be a long step in the wrong direction.

America has taken over many British policies, denied their British origin and made them American. The ideal world order can only come within sight when the American attitude more closely approximates to ours.

SIR JOHN PRATT, *The Contemporary Review.*

Youth Crusade

VOLUNTARY THIS movement began most fittingly on a mountain top. A group of boys were sitting before an open fire in the clubroom of a private school. Someone put the question: 'What can we do to make things better?'

That was five years ago. And so it has come about that, in this hard-boiled era, when the words of world statesmen are weighed with universal suspicion and local politicians are viewed with widespread distrust, several thousand school children are challenging you and me with a new slogan: 'Make Politics a Noble Profession.'

They call themselves the Junior Statesmen of America. They plan to serve their country.

Politicians have tried to get hold of the organisation. Propagandists of various Isms have tried to bore into it. But it has maintained its integrity. No one has made a thin dime from it.

E. A. Rogers, president of the Montezuma Mountain School for Boys, is one of those idealists who believe that training for citizenship is a most important part of education. During his thirty-odd years as head of the institution in the Santa Cruz mountains of California he has always stressed that feature.

At the beginning of every school year the pupils are initiated in a ceremony which takes place by torchlight in a redwood grove. The newcomers are given their school citizenship, are advised as to its responsibilities. During their school life the boys organise their own government; they handle all discipline with the least possible faculty supervision; the idea of mutual responsibility for the common good is the basis of daily behaviour.

A refreshing informality marks the contacts of boys and masters. The president of the school is present at weekly gatherings of his pupils in the large clubroom. Here discussions wander over all sorts of subjects; frequently they centre on self-government as practised in this democracy. The easy-going talks and the training toward citizenship have attracted noteworthy visitors. They adapted the idea of a Junior State and National Government. They planned a campaign for getting America's high schools to offer training in statesmanship to boys and girls as a part of the regular courses of study.

A class forms itself into a governmental unit, municipal or state. Its members function as councilmen or members of a legislature. Such governmental processes as introduction of bills and committee work are carried out in detail.

They finance their organisation by taxes levied on the members, and donations are accepted on the understanding that there are no strings attached.

Non-Partisan, Non-Sectarian, Non-Secret, Non-Profit. So reads their literature.

Local chapters—high school classes—organise themselves into such governmental units as they choose. In Hayward, California, they have a Junior City Government. Among the ordinances which this body passed last year was one regulating traffic conditions at a crowded street intersection. It looked good enough to the grown-up city fathers for consideration. They adopted it in its entirety.

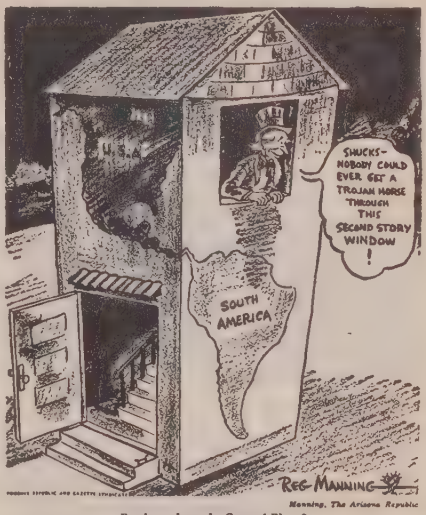
Condensed from *Current History and Forum.*

COMPULSION? It has been one of the evils of our thinking during the past years to make too definite a distinction between education, recreation, and religion. A growing boy is continually educating himself whether at work, at play, or in his home. The question is whether his education is true or false, good or bad—whether he is growing into a balanced maturity of character or into distortion of body, mind, or soul. In wartime education is the Cinderella of government services, but never more dangerously so than at present. The parents of the adolescents of to-day were the adolescents of the last war. In a vast number of cases it has been the lack of responsibility, of discipline, of moral sanctions, and of religion in the home which has been the main difficulty in dealing with boys and girls of to-day. It will be a calamity if this situation repeats itself 25 years hence. Europe has been revolutionised and our main task now is to educate our youth for citizenship in a revolutionary world. We must equip them not only with physical fitness, not only with knowledge and skill but with moral and spiritual values which they understand and will try to live out. How hopeless it is to expect to achieve this merely by voluntary attendance at evening institutes in the black-out or at meetings of voluntary youth organisations! We need to have it burned into our imaginations that unless our boys and girls are as well equipped in body, mind, and soul as the young folk of other lands they cannot survive in the struggle for existence.

Times Educational Supplement.

Nazis in South America

ARGENTINA The more than a hundred thousand Germans who reside in Argentina have their own schools and Cultural League, a branch of the German Labour Front, and numerous other Nazi organs, which are knit together by the *Volks Bund für Argentinen Deutschen.* Argentine interests, if not sympathies, were further engaged on the side of the Reich by barter agreements which ceased to be operative in consequence of the British Contraband Control. Finally Argentina is



But how about the Ground Floor?

strongly suspected of ambitions to oust the United States from the leadership of the South American Republics.

It is alleged that the despatch of the *Graf Spee* to Argentine-Uruguay waters was prompted by Berlin's conviction that the Argentine Government would adopt an attitude of more than benevolent neutrality in the event of emergency. The *Graf Spee* was forced by the action of the British light cruisers to seek refuge in the Uruguayan port of Monte Video. But the frantic efforts of the German Government to secure more time were prompted by hopes that the Argentine Government would permit the entry of the battleship into Buenos Aires, under conditions which would make her a continued menace to Allied shipping in the South Atlantic. When it came to a showdown Argentina did not dare to defy the views of the remaining South American Republics. The policies of the other twenty signatories of the Panama Declaration were identical. And the plan to exploit the neutrality of Buenos Aires failed, not because of any friendliness towards Britain or the United States, but because the Argentine would otherwise have found itself completely isolated.

This demonstration of North and South American unity has now been further strengthened by the unanimous condemnation of German aggression in the Low Countries by the twenty-one American Republics.

The course of the European conflict seems to have caused a complete change in the attitude of the Argentine, whose Foreign Minister, early in May, formally proposed to all the other American Republics the abandonment of Neutrality in favour of a policy of 'Non-Belligerency'. The adoption of this suggestion, though not necessarily involving the Americas in active hostilities would imply their definite alignment on the side of the Democracies. It seems doubtful whether it will be unanimously approved. It is of the utmost significance, however, as evidence of the failure of the 'Fifth Column' permanently to influence South American opinion.

Oriental Affairs.

CHILE ALMOST simultaneously with the news of the severance of diplomatic relations between the Spanish Nationalist Government and the Popular Front Government of Chile, comes the news of a Fascist plot in Chile. The coincidence is hardly surprising. On July 16th at Santiago (Chile) there was discovered a list of persons engaged in financing a conspiracy to overthrow the Government. The official announcement added that members of the Fascist Vanguardia Party had been arrested and that the Fascist journal *Diario Ilustrado* (which reflected the ideas of the Spanish Falange) had been ordered to suspend publication.

The object of the conspiracy is to foment revolutions in the Western Hemisphere, and thereby cause the United States to withhold, in the interests of Pan-Americanism, the support in materials, etc., which might otherwise be given to Great Britain in our own struggle with Germany. Nationalist Spain is the jumping-off ground for most of these intrigues in the Catholic countries of Latin America, and Nationalist Spain is a stronghold of Catholicism. Nazi-Fascism will use the Church so long as the Church serves its purposes.

The Voice of Spain.

USUAL TRICKS NAZI intrigues in South America are deliberate and unmistakable. Spying, terrorism, physical violence and boycott, misuse of schools and the radio, newspapers and films, and economic pressure—all the tricks being used are precisely the same as the Nazis used in the Balkans, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, and France. If Hitler has not laid claim to a million Germans in Southern Brazil there is every sign that he will whenever he feels strong enough. A 'dry war' has, in short, been brought to this hemisphere by the Nazis.

New York Times.

The Soul of England

IT is on this conception of nobility that is based their instinctive solidarity which leads them to translate common interest into common action; and it is the same conception which, in the hour of peril, transforms the English spirit from its relative indifference into amiability, full of attention and sympathy, for at such a time it knows how to unite in rendering service to the common weal. And the same spirit unifies and shapes into harmony the English soul throughout the British Empire, and led its Sovereign, recently, as on past occasions of peril in the life of the Empire, to address Parliament with an appeal to God Almighty that He shall bless the common mission. These people are a pattern. Happy the nations that understand these truths and out of them obtain support for their own progress.

O Jornal do Commercio, Rio de Janeiro.

Japan Creeps In

TO investigate openings for increased sales of Japanese products in the West Indies, two representatives of the Japanese Exporters' Association, Mr. T. Yamashita and Mr. S. Mizohara, recently paid a 'goodwill visit' to Jamaica, the Dominican Republic and British Guiana.

Their tour also included Venezuela, Colombia and other South American markets.

While in Jamaica, the Japanese representatives expressed strong hopes of a reciprocal expansion of trade between their country and

the West Indies—particularly in the replacement of former German imports by Japanese goods.

According to official figures, Japan's exports during May amounted to 440,000,000 yen, against 352,000,000 yen in the previous month, and 344,000,000 yen in May of last year.

British Export Gazette.

Drang Nach Baghdad

THE news that on July 17th the first passenger train left Baghdad for the Bosphorus is a brief record of the inauguration of the Baghdad Line.

For Germans the completion of the Baghdad line can only be a source of endless mortification, for the project owed its conception to Germany some fifty years ago when Berlin concentrated on the drive to the East. At the outbreak of the last war the Germans had built the section of the line from Baghdad to Samarra, and it was extended by British engineers during the conflict to Baiji and later to Shargat. The Baiji-Shargat section was later deemed unsuitable for permanent use, and it was pulled up twelve years ago. The line from Baiji to Tel Kutchuk, on the Iraqi frontier, which completes the railway, is 198 miles long, and took four years to construct. It has one tunnel, 1,000 yards long, built by Messrs. Balfour, Beatty and Co.

It will still not be possible to travel from Basrah, on the Persian Gulf, to Istanbul without a change, as the Baghdad-Basrah section is metre gauge, while the remainder of the line is standard gauge. After the war it is probable that as soon as funds are available the metre gauge section will be altered.

Great Britain and the East.

Idea

THE uses of bedding and the 'air raid suit' are combined in the 'Siren Air Raid Bed-Dress'. Made of self-colour cambric padded with cotton wadding and quilted, this bed-dress can be worn en route to the shelter and, once there, used as a bed. The pillow, attached, can be drawn over the head and face, considerably subduing noise. Four sizes are available—two for adults, two for children.

The Drapers' Record.

As America Sees It

THE COUNTRY IS NOT COMPLETELY UNPROTECTED.

FAMOUS COLUMNISTS DOROTHY THOMPSON AND WALTER LIPPMAN IMPLORE AID FOR BRITAIN'S STRUGGLE AS ESSENTIAL TO AMERICA'S OWN SECURITY

MUNICH NO. 2.

THE FALL OF FRANCE
Both these cartoons are by Fitzpatrick, from *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

Communal Feeding

MISS LILIAN M. FAITHFULL, former headmistress of Cheltenham Ladies' College and now Chairman of the Food Advisory Group of Women's Voluntary Services, has practical experience of communal catering. Her experiment in 1935 of a cookhouse at Marylebone to provide cheap meals for the poor has been copied by other housing associations. Recently she said:

'At present we have the wasteful system of thousands of meals being prepared in individual kitchens. This involves colossal expenditure of time, food and money. If these were pooled, and people got their food ready cooked, the saving would be incalculable. Women, free from the drudgery of preparing daily meals, would be able to give their services to the war effort These kitchens, which would be run by committees of householders in every town and village, would not necessarily involve restaurants. They would be "cookhouses" first of all.

'The essence of the scheme is that women should be able to collect cooked food in containers and serve it at home if they like. The cost would be less than that of home-prepared food.

'I am very anxious that a scheme for communal feeding by means of a cookhouse should be adopted by people of the professional classes, living in blocks of flats or in a terrace of houses, where twenty families could use one kitchen, thereby saving fuel and service and in food, which would be bought in large quantities. In the days to come, service will be increasingly difficult. One good cook and kitchen maid could provide for twenty houses a mid-day meal and supper, the menu could be circulated each morning, and the householder order as many portions as required, to be ready in a container and called for at a specified hour. The arrangements could be organised by a committee of householders, and I feel sure, from experience, that the cost of the meals would be very small. No restaurant would be required with all its overhead charges.'

The Hotel Review.

Food Store for Famine

I GREATLY hope that it may be possible to carry out your proposal of forming an Anglo-American Food Store to be used, as soon as the war is over, in relieving the needs of Europe. It is, in the first place, a good war measure. It saves Great Britain from the odious position of causing the economic ruin of the South American nations by her blockade, and turns her instead into a ready and valuable customer. Failing some step of the kind, Nazi propaganda in South America has a powerful weapon against us.

If my information is correct, one of the first acts of our Admiralty in 1918, as soon as the Armistice was signed, was to order a certain number of the food ships to change their course and take their cargo to Germany. This generous decision was countermanded, partly for supposed political reasons, partly because our own allies in Europe were crying for food and some, such as Poland, needed it quite as much as the Germans. A great Food Store, collected beforehand, would have saved us from that painful choice and its lamentable consequences.

GILBERT MURRAY, in a letter to *Time & Tide*.

Dyspeptic Dictator

AT no time was Napoleon's table gastronomically up to the position which he occupied in the State . . . sometimes he would forget dinner altogether and march into Joséphine's room late at night saying: 'Let us go to bed.' Napoleon was indeed unfortunate in his Prefects of the Palace. We may presume that since he was not interested in food, he did not exercise his usual care in choosing the men who supervised his table. The only gastronome among them, the Marquis de Cussy, did not come into office until 1812.

Whatever Napoleon drank he always liked chilled, and usually diluted with water. He was, in addition, extraordinarily fond of ices, which were his favourite form of pick-me-up; he used to call for them at all hours of the day, and whenever he awoke during the night.

Napoleon's table manners seem to have been abominable. He sat down for a very short time with the sole intention of eating, which he did mainly with his fingers. If there was company present no one at the table could get a word out of him except Joséphine, though he would occasionally look up and ask all the women their ages. This constant bolting of food naturally encouraged the tendency to dyspepsia which he had inherited; his doctor

warned him, but he took no notice and was in serious trouble long before the liver attack at Waterloo. He used frequently to be doubled up with the most violent indigestion. His remedy when this occurred was to lie flat on his back on the floor.

With everything within reach at once, Napoleon . . . attacked the food impatiently, snatching his way from soup to sweet and back again in any order . . . The lonely,

dyspeptic dictator, who claimed that a captain's pay would suffice him, yet changed his linen three times a day, and would not eat *haricot verts* lest there should be a hair in them, gobbled his indifferent repasts behind closed doors, or on the battlefields in a stricken continent.

DESMOND FLOWER, *Wine & Food.*

Camouflage

FOOLISH IN happier and more normal times camouflage has been of interest primarily to the naturalist, who sees in the coloration of different wild animals a variety of devices which render them extraordinarily difficult to detect in the field. The general application of these principles for war purposes was first suggested to a Government Department by Prof. (now Sir John) Graham Kerr, who in September 1914 communicated to the First Lord of the Admiralty methods of rendering ships at sea less easily recognised—in particular, by means of counter-shading, and disruptive coloration or 'dazzle'.

In reply to a question by Mr. S. F. Markham, Sir John Anderson stated in the House of Commons on August 2nd, 1939, that he did not propose, 'as at present advised', to attach a biologist to the Camouflage Research Station. He had, however, invited a biologist to serve on an Advisory Committee to which he proposed to refer questions of scientific principle affecting camouflage. . . . We are informed that the Camouflage Committee has not yet held its first meeting. . . .

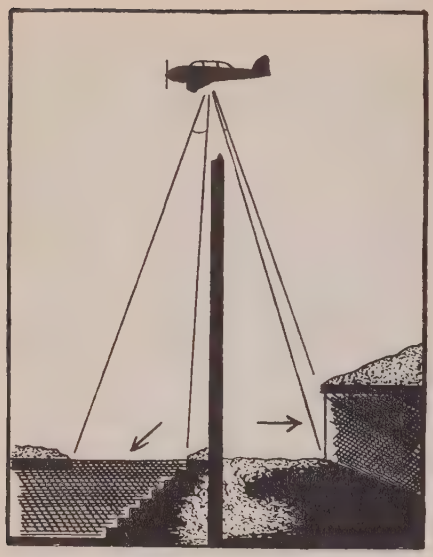
At the Civil Defence Camouflage Establishment, of some sixty-five technical officers, all but four are either professional artists or were students at art schools. Not one member of the establishment is a qualified biologist.

A serious fallacy is seen in the excessive reliance placed upon paint, as opposed to structural camouflage. Only rarely is pigment able to counteract the effects of light and shade, and of cast shadow, presented by vehicles, buildings and other solid bodies in the open. The type of camouflage seen, for example, on Service vehicles displays a ludicrous attempt at disruption which fails entirely since the colours used are of approximately equal tone.

Another common misapplication of paint is seen in the attempt to camouflage large structures such as hangars with representations of trees done in paint. An extravagant example of this foolishness was the decoration of the cooling towers of a large works to represent a grove of tall trees. The roofs of many double-decked buses have been treated with grey or green and brown; but the front, back and sides —the parts most visible in oblique view from the air—are coloured a brilliant red—the very hue the chief attribute of which is its carrying power and conspicuousness. Similarly, many buildings have the roof camouflaged and the side walls neglected.

When we turn to camouflage at sea, we find that, by a reversal of evolution, disruption (or 'dazzle'), used with success towards the end of the war of 1914–18, has now been abandoned . . . because. . . ships are seen against constantly changing backgrounds of sea and sky. This fact is. . . the very reason why disruption, rather than self-coloration as at present, should be used as the only effective way of hindering recognition at sea.

Condensed from *Nature.*



A plane has little chance of spotting a shelter with an overhung entrance. —*A.R.P. & A.F.S. Review*

WISE CONCEALMENT is mainly an architectural problem exemplified by the underground aerodrome or shelter. The only problem then remaining is to hide the entrances. An ordinary open and unconcealed shelter entrance is a standing invitation for a bomb in the entrance, or for rubbish to block it up; an overhung and more or less concealed one is invisible at any appreciable altitude.

WRONG

The humorous side of camouflage, by Bert Thomas. —*A.R.P. & A.F.S. Review*

Alternatively, the approach to a much used, but concealed, post, may be frequently altered by means of hurdles: the point is, it is no use carefully concealing a place if its approaches are obvious and give away its position.

In essence, concealment involves making the best use of the immediate environment. The equivalent in nature is the burrowing animal.

A word on Distraction. The method is to leave some other building, of no especial importance, and in a fairly prominent position, at such a distance from the concealed object that it will distract the enemy's attention (he is usually in a hurry, so this is not difficult).

For this purpose dummies are often rigged up from handy local materials. The ingenious Chinese make wooden trains, rolling stock and planes for the Japanese to waste their bombs on; the Germans have been known to imitate railway lines across an aerodrome by digging narrow trenches filled with water, or roads by using broad bands of creosote across the grass.

Pseudo-roads of this nature may change the appearance of a given locality previously mapped. Pseudo-trenches are sometimes used also. In planning the camouflage of a largish place, therefore, an eye should be kept open for suitable distracting objects. Possibly a study of the way in which film sets are constructed would be helpful.

A.R.P. and A.F.S. Review.

Future of the Merchant Navy

FOR some years before the war started a good deal of uneasiness was expressed in naval and mercantile circles about the state of the Merchant Navy. Our liners and our tramps were undercut by heavily subsidised foreign shipping. The subsidies paid for certain services in the U.S.A., for instance, have probably no parallel in modern history.

In war the Merchant Navy becomes a National Service, its ships and officers and men coming under the control of the State. But the State has done little or nothing to produce either the ships or the men of the Merchant Navy. When the State by a stroke of the pen takes the 21,000,000 tons of shipping which British trade has provided it reaps where it has not sown.

The first sacrifice the Merchant Navy makes in war is that, as in all our former wars, many of the best ships and officers and men enter the

Royal Navy. Some of them may return, but some will end their days nobly under the White Ensign. Good ships can still be built, but the trained officers and men are a loss we can never recover.

After the Great War our shipping losses were to some extent regained by the German ships handed over under the terms Germany was forced to accept. This fact may account for the numerous scuttlings of German ships now. The mere shortage of tonnage cannot be made up in any haphazard fashion. With the exception of tramps merchant ships are usually built for some particular run or trade. A vessel, for example, designed for Atlantic crossing is not the best type for the Far Eastern run. Owing to various war measures it is doubtful if the shipping companies will finish the war with adequate reserves to meet a period of difficult reconstruction.

On the other hand, our rivals in many neutral countries are having a very good time. Freights are high and may probably be higher. Much of our trade they will secure while we are busy with the war. The three States which have, during the last two decades, made the greatest advances in their shipping are the U.S.A., Japan and Norway.

We have found that the importance of our Merchant Navy is far greater in war than it is in peace. Therefore one of the first tasks which our rulers should tackle after the war, or before the end, is the welfare and position of the British Merchant Navy. Unless drastic action is taken, this war may be the source of its eclipse.

E. H. BAXTER, condensed from
The Nautical Magazine.

Shoe Heels

WHEN Major Harris introduced two new orders at the press conference on the first of this month, he told us that there were three to four thousand uses of wood, all of which were being reviewed with a view to economy. 'The deep waters of civil requirements' was his phrase. But fifty thousand tons of timber for shoe heels seemed to him a 'tall' demand, and he suggested the ladies might 'do their bit' by wearing lower heels. Yet clog soles, he thought, were essential. But, will the ladies ask, is a world of clog soles and low heels worth preserving?

Wood.

Legerdemain

RETAILERS—in London particularly—are warned against the practices of a man who enters a shop and asks for a tin of a well-known proprietary food of a size which slips easily into the pocket.

He puts the tin in his coat pocket and then pretends to feel in his trousers pocket for money.

'So sorry,' he says, 'I've come out without any money. I must slip back home and get some. I'll be back in ten minutes.'

He hands back a tin from his pocket, hurries out—and does not come back. When the tin he has left is examined it is found to be full of earth.

Grocery.

Phantom Cars

A CASE occurred about nine years ago on a road between Kettering and Birmingham; just about that time there was a regular epidemic of hauntings by motor vehicles. This particular phenomenon always occurred at a rather sharp bend on the road, at the foot of a somewhat steep incline. Several motorists declared that when descending that incline at night they had had to pull up sharply, or slow down, at the spectacle of a large lorry standing silent and motionless right across their path.

It would seem that the Powers behind the veil are, probably, quite as mixed a lot as we are here—kind, cruel, so-so and so-on, and it is noteworthy that in none of the foregoing instances of hauntings by phantom cars were phenomena in the form of animate objects visible.

Hauntings by phantom railway engines and trains, though rare, are stated to have occurred more often in America than in this country: indeed, I have only been able to hear of two in Great Britain.

The Occult Review.

Stalin's Steel

In Tsarist Russia the principal iron and steel plants were concentrated in Southern Ukraine, which was then almost the sole coal, iron and steel centre. In 1918 Lenin suggested the construction of a new industrial base in the east of the U.S.S.R. The plan envisaged the foundation of a great iron and steel industry based on the iron ore deposits of the Southern Urals—particularly of the Magnitnaya Mountain—and the coal deposits of the Kuznetsk basin.

In 1929 the construction of the Magnetogorsk works commenced. No country in the world has developed its iron and steel industry as rapidly as the U.S.S.R. during the period of the First and Second Five-Year Plans. It is reported

CHIEF CENTRES OF HEAVY INDUSTRIES IN THE U.S.S.R.

(*Adapted from 'Iron and Steel'*)

that the metallurgical enterprises controlled by the Commissariat of Ferrous Metallurgy fulfilled the Second Five-Year Plan by 114.5 per cent.

The Third Five-Year Plan is also to concentrate on the production of special steels. The amount of money allocated under the Third Five-Year Plan for investment in iron and steel enterprises totals 9,250 million roubles, which is 27.5 per cent more than was invested in the industry under the Second Five-Year Plan. It is proposed that during the Third Five-Year Plan another 20 blast furnaces, 55 open-hearth furnaces and 32 rolling mills shall be put into operation. Stalin, in his report to the Eighteenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, said: '. . . we may consider quite feasible an average annual increase in the output of pig-iron of two or two and a half million tons, bearing in mind the present state of the smelting technique.'

Among the many engineering works in the East built between 1930 and 1936 are the following:

1. *The Chelyabinsk Tractor Works*—the largest works of its kind in the U.S.S.R., turning out high-power caterpillar tractors. The first tractor was turned out in May 1933, and in 1934 the works produced 10,102 tractors. In 1936 it turned out 29,000 tractors and commenced the production of Diesel engines.

2. *The Uralmash Heavy Engineering Works.* This plant, opened in 1932, has supplied various works with a large number of rolling mills, conveyors, cranes, and other important items of equipment. The planned capacity of this works is 100,000 tons of equipment a year.

3. *Ural Rolling Stock Works.* When complete this plant will turn out more rail cars than all the old works in the U.S.S.R. put together. The plant produces the latest type of hoppers, dumping waggons, tank waggons, etc. It also has a large shop for the production of all-cast Griffin wheels for rolling stock.

4. *The Chelyabinsk Abrasive Works*, producing lump carborundum and polishing wheels.

5. *Sibselmash*, a plant producing agricultural machinery, at Omsk.

American technicians have given very valuable assistance in the organisation of the Soviet steel industry, and without their knowledge and skill the successes achieved would not have been possible.

Condensed from *Iron and Steel.*

Battle of the Metals

Both the geographical distribution of ores and the nature of the political control over them were unfavourable to Germany. Many of the best deposits were within the British and French Empires. The most direct way to obtain metals was to

invade neighbouring nations which produce them, or which had accumulated stocks. The annexation of Austria and the occupation of Czechoslovakia did not yield large results, for like Germany they were themselves industrial states and hence large consumers of metals. The acquisition of these two countries added some 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 tons to Germany's annual supply of iron ore, and small contributions of mercury, antimony and copper. Austria's abundant supply of magnesite was an important gain for the Reich's production of magnesium.

The Polish adventure contributed zinc, making Germany practically self-sufficient in this metal. Denmark has no metals. Norway has been an exporter of many of the metals which Germany must have if she is to win this war: aluminium, copper, nickel and various of those rare metals, such as chrome and molybdenum, which are so important in adding hardness and temper to steel. But the Norwegian metallurgical industry was based principally on hydro-electric power resources which are used to refine foreign ores: bauxite, copper, nickel and other ferro-alloys. By acquiring the Norwegian molybdenum mines, Germany got a strategical resource which may prove of substantial aid in carrying on the war. The annual output of the mines, 1,000,000 pounds (metal content), will afford several months' supply of an alloy desperately needed for high-speed steels and for those requiring great tensile strength.

The occupation of the Netherlands and Belgium resulted in the addition of badly needed supplies of tin. Tin ores from the Dutch East Indies were smelted at Arnhem, only ten miles from the German frontier. The Germans may have succeeded in seizing 2,000 or 3,000 tons of tin in Holland. (German consumption runs perhaps to 13,000 tons annually.) Germany's greatest gain in metals came from the occupation of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. This tiny state in 1937 produced 7,700,000 tons of iron ore, an amount equal to more than one-third of Germany's annual imports in recent years. This Luxembourg ore, combined with imports that can be expected from Sweden, will go far to satisfy Germany's needs.

Europe as a whole is poor in metals. If the aim of Hitler and his associates is to create a self-sufficient empire their aggression must be carried beyond the limits of the European continent. That is something which Americans must take into account in shaping their defence policies.

PERCY BIDWELL, *Foreign Affairs*, New York.

Googols and Things

1ooooooo

Fishy

How far can a fish swim? That is one of the problems which have been investigated by the Canadian Department of Fisheries.

In British Columbia, it appears, salmon fingerlings can travel 40 feet per minute.

Tagged and released at Burns Point, Nova Scotia, on June 11, an Atlantic salmon was later captured on July 23 at Moisie River, in the Province of Quebec. By the most direct route the Moisie is 800 miles from Burns Point. This would give a minimum average daily travel of approximately 20 miles. But even this might be an underrating of the fish's powers, for if it took the longer route to Quebec instead of the shortest, the actual distance travelled might well have been 1,200 instead of 800 miles.

Canada's Weekly.

Mysterious

Charles Edward, Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, president of the German Red Cross Society, left here [Tokyo] to-day for home after a twelve-day visit during which he presented a message of congratulations to Emperor Hirohito from Chancellor Adolf Hitler on the occasion of the 2,600th anniversary of the founding of the Japanese Empire.

The Duke will make the trip to Berlin by easy stages, spending a week in Kyoto and then visiting Seoul, Hsinking and Harbin before entraining at Manchouli on the Trans-Siberian Railway. He is expected to spend a week in Moscow.

Prior to his departure, the Duke last night issued a statement declaring that his visit was significant in that it enabled him to appreciate personally the deep sympathy which Japan feels for Germany and the German people. He said the feeling was reciprocated. He also expressed his thanks for the cordial reception he received in Japan.

North China Herald, Shanghai.

Liquid Onions

A good deal of interest was aroused among Hungarian farmers by the news that onions are being now preserved in liquid state. This is being done according to a special new process invented by a Hungarian technician. The first plant in which onions will be liquefied and packed in bottles is now under construction at Mako, the centre of onion growing in Hungary. This plant will be the first of its kind in the world, and the importance of this new activity in the realm of food industry is obviously a manifold one. The process will be invaluable, particularly in times of rich onion harvests; last, not least, as regards the outlooks of onion exports. It will also act as a price-regulator, indeed, as safety-valve to offset the tendency of too great fluctuation of prices according to the variations of supply and demand.

Inspired by the success of this new process, Hungarian agriculturists are also experimenting with the liquefaction of paprika. This product is of immense importance for the nourishment of the Hungarian people, with whom it is exceedingly popular. It is used extensively for the seasoning of various dishes, but also as a main constituent of various dishes, and finally, it is one of the vegetables consumed in raw state for the simple meals of working people. The centre of Hungarian paprika culture is the town of Szeged, in the Hungarian lowlands. Thus, it is now planned to establish a liquid paprika plant at Szeged analogous to that of liquid onions at Mako.

Tin Printer and *Canning Industry.*

Smuggled Emperor

Muffled up in a cloak, the Emperor [Haile Selassie] was smuggled ashore [at Alexandria] and hurried to the Italian Yacht Club, which has now been taken over by the British authorities.

To avoid all suspicion they took him into a wash-room, where, at three hours' notice, air officers had made hasty arrangements for the small party. 'I claim to be the only man who has entertained an emperor in a wash-room,' the senior officer said to me. In highest spirits, and in civilian dress, the Emperor laughed and joked with his British hosts, who entertained him with Italian Chianti brought up from the club's cellars.

Success to the Abyssinian campaign was toasted in Italian wine, and the Emperor invited officers to visit him at any time that they were passing Addis Ababa.

New Times and Ethiopia News.

Has Germany any Future?

ONE of the characteristic traits of the end of the National-Socialist episode among the German people will most assuredly be a flight from every form of public action and from anything approaching compulsory collectivisation, and a resumption of a simple, private mode of existence. The German, by his nature inclined to swing from one extreme to another, will want above all to keep away from anything savouring of public activity. The problem will be not so much the German people's opposition towards a new order of things, as their total lack of interest in it. The danger which may result therefrom lies in the fact that when this period of resignation has been overcome, new feelings and resentments of a political, national and social character may arise and breed fresh unrest.

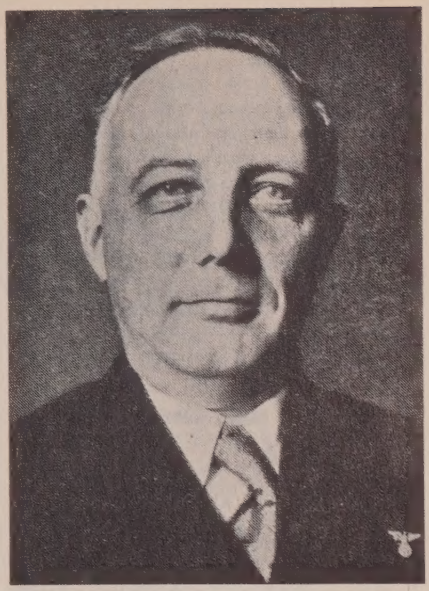
Anyone who had discovered the richness of their minds and interests was forced to admit that German working men had retained . . . in a very high degree a sense of fairness and justice. To win them over to the task of building anew the German nation is therefore of the most vital importance.

Anyone who considers the pent-up hatred, the feelings of revenge, harboured by the German people must expect in Germany a collapse and a chaos bloodier than we have yet seen in any revolution or at any time. Thus many will give themselves up without check to their impulses and passions, finding in one another an outlet for their passion for destruction. If the war does not last too long, and if not too many are killed in it, then the inevitable last phase will be just such a civil war, a day of reckoning between each man and his own private enemy.

Is it not part of the German character to be without character?

It may well be said—even as a Protestant—that the importance of the Catholic Church as a factor in the mending and reconstruction promises to be greater in the coming years than at any stage of recent history in Germany. On the whole the devout elements of the Catholic Church in Germany have shown themselves the most capable of resistance.

One thing is indispensable: the conception of political parties must be impossible for a long time to come in Germany. The Germans must begin by following the example of the



Allies and form a government and governing class independent of party.

HERMANN RAUSCHNING, in *The Dublin Review*.

'Rogues and Vagabonds'

AS it is now being interpreted by zealous police officials, the Vagrancy Act is a potential menace to the holding of all seances, whether for physical or mental phenomena, whether any attempt is made at prophecy or not, and presumably whether or not any money is paid by the sitters.

Can the Spiritualists' National Union do anything? Its Parliamentary Committee has tried for years to get the Vagrancy Act repealed. Now it seems that Spiritualists are faced with a new danger, unless the legality of this police move is challenged . . .

Two policewomen were sent to a hall where Olsen was demonstrating psychometry; each paid threepence and placed a personal article on a tray. About 20 other women were present.

If the police prosecuted only frauds, then no one could complain, but Spiritualists are naturally suspicious when they hear stories of policewomen being used to obtain convictions under this Act. That is how mediums have been trapped.

Psychic News.

The Truth about Fuggles

THE position is this: the Fuggle is an excellent copper hop but of a rougher bitter than the Golding, and as public palate is tending towards a milder hop flavour, the Golding is often to be preferred. But Goldings and Golding varieties are not grown so extensively as Fuggles because they are rather more difficult to grow and give, on the average, a smaller yield; furthermore, under the present system of valuation they do not command a higher price than the Fuggles.

The Brewing Trade Review.

Soft Drinks

MARCHANT'S new carbonated 'Passiona' has 'gone great guns'. It has definitely 'hit the public's palate'. This is a remarkable demonstration of the exceedingly 'gradual' manner in which a taste for a flavour develops in the New South Wales trade, for it has taken some 15 years for passion fruit to come into favour as a carbonated drink . . . It is fair to say that it is only in the past two years that Sydney has become really 'Passiona-conscious'.

The Australian Cordial Maker.

SEVERAL years ago, when on a sea voyage and evidently looking a bit 'under the weather', we were approached by a steward who suggested us trying a bottle of ginger beer (brewed, if possible), which he claimed was the finest remedy for sea-sickness he had met with in many years at sea.

There is no doubt that in all cases of nausea or depression either Ginger Beer, Dry Ginger, Soda Water or Tonic Water are extremely valuable, and while many doctors and other folk automatically recommend Brandy, completely overlooking the prohibitive price of this, either of the above beverages would be equally effective.

Especially would these be of value in air-raids, with people prone to fainting, and a good slogan for this trade to use would be: 'Keep a supply of Soda Water, etc., in every Shelter'.

The Mineral Water Trade Review.

Bouquet for B.B.C.

I AM surprised that no one has yet called attention to the B.B.C.'s latest radio discovery—Frau Wernicke. She talks in the broadcasts to Germany and is more talented and more amusing than Lord Haw-Haw. Frau Wernicke is a typical Nazi *Hausfrau* with a broad Berlin accent and we hear her telephoning to a friend. In the broadcasts we never hear the voice of the friend, but we can conclude from the good Frau Wernicke's stream of exhortation, explanation and expostulation that her friend is not quite so loyal as she is, and has a number of rather awkward questions and stories which Frau Wernicke is sometimes unable to cope with. In contrast with many of our foreign broadcasts, this series is not just English material translated stiffly and correctly into another language, but real, live, racy German spoken and thought in terms of the Berlin suburb. I gather that next Sunday we shall be privileged to listen in at the other end of the wire and hear Frau Wernicke's friend.

New Statesman and Nation.

Foreign Radio: Three Techniques

IN her foreign news services it needs regular listening to judge the change in Russia's attitude to events abroad. For instance, after the Russo-German Pact, attacks on Nazism and Fascism stopped, and the main subject of the propaganda talks was the new 'imperialist' war. Lately, the 'agreeable' relations between Britain and Russia have caused the attacks on the 'imperialists' to be eliminated; and the main news features at present are the reorganisation of Bessarabia and Bukovina and the introduction of a new system of government in the Baltic States.

The German news bulletins and talks in the home programmes are broadcast, not only over the German stations, but also over all the occupied stations—Prague, Warsaw, Radio Paris, Paris P.T.T., Brussels, Hilversum, Oslo. The chief subject is Mr. Winston Churchill, who is called the 'world's greatest criminal'. The German public is told that the British people are paralysed with fear of a German invasion, that the courts are packed with people charged with defeatism, that Britain is practically starving, that morale is very bad, that 'men and women in Great Britain

feel the need of raising their courage by resorting to drink,' and so on.

Talks from Zeesen for South Africa are actually announced as given by Lord Haw-Haw, as the Germans have taken advantage of the nickname to strengthen their personal relations with their listeners.

The news is, as usual, specially prepared in the Goebbels laboratory; but all the anti-British propaganda, which is put over for home consumption, is carefully left out; and in broadcasts for British listeners the announcer assumes the attitude of the former Labour Opposition and tries to gain the confidence of the listeners by pointing out the same problems and making the same criticisms which appear in the pages of the British Press.

The Italian radio, which a short time ago was known for its objective news service, is now, of course, much more under German control, and the listener to Radio Rome has at times the impression that he is listening to another German-occupied station.

The Economist.

'Rule, B.B.C.'

MR. F. W. OGILVIE, announcing that the 'ghost in goloshes' was to be replaced by a new interval signal consisting of the notes B, B, C, said that it would not come into operation till August 11th.

Meanwhile the musical brains of the Corporation are presumably being taxed to determine the most effective arrangement of these notes. There is a simple solution to the problem—'Rule, Britannia'.

Played in the key of G major, the refrain 'Rule Britannia' consists of the notes B, B and C. It is true that the C is repeated, but I daresay Sir Adrian Boult would grant this minor concession to Dr. Arne, whose song, incidentally, was first heard in public 200 years ago.

PETERBRO', *Daily Telegraph.*

Marshalling Yard

THE good Marshal [Pétain] seems to personify the best traditions of his race. The youth of his country look to him for revival. Such is the dawn of a new radiant day not only for France, but for Europe and the world.

Osservatore Romano.

Points from 'Science in War'

HABER THE nitrogen of the air can be made to combine with hydrogen gas if compressed in the presence of certain substances, which act as catalysts, or assistants in combination. Haber had worked on this process for several years before its feasibility had been demonstrated. It was rapidly perfected, and in this way Germany achieved self-sufficiency in nitrates for explosives and fertilisers. She could not have fought for four years without Haber's synthetic ammonia.

Nor was this his only contribution . . . when the war was finally over, he led the movement to preserve science and technique in his country, striving indefatigably for the protection of this foundation of Germany's future, and taking the view that whatever happened they should not be allowed to decay. His labours succeeded, for science in Germany rose to unsurpassed heights, in spite of the inflation and depression. After the Nazis gained power, Haber, who was partly of Jewish descent, was dismissed. He came to England for refuge in 1934, and died that year in Switzerland while on a journey to Italy in search of health.

OIL SUBSTITUTE GERMANY has made many experiments with motor-cars driven by gas derived from brown coal, in producers attached to the cars. Rumour has it that a large number of the motor vehicles of the German Army can be fitted with these attachments, so that if the supply of oil should fail, brown coal could be substituted.

Science in War (Penguin Special).

Master Bagwash

WHETHER or not your van men and boys are provided with uniforms, smartness of attire plays a great part in securing and holding custom. Shapeless flannel bags, a shabby coat with a worn pullover, or a sports shirt open at the neck, Plimsolls and a greasy cap, or unruly mop of hair—seemingly the favourite of many laundry van men and boys—give the wearer a dirty, dejected look, which reacts most unfavourably on the customer.

Laundry Record.

Rubber in War

LARGE quantities of rubber latex have been used to spray the outside of factory windows in order to prevent reflection of moonlight from the glass, and rubber-proofed fabric has been used for the balloons of the balloon barrages. Bandages for Service and air raid use are now being treated with latex, so that they can be secured without the need for tying knots.

During the German advance in Poland, rubber floats and what almost amounted to rubber bridges were used to enable troops to cross rivers with the least possible delay.

British Malaya.

Thoughts from Down-Under

DR. SAYDAM, the Turkish Prime Minister, has a name which fits him remarkably well just now. He will have to say it pretty often and show he can do it vigorously. The Turks are refreshing people in these times—the only ones among neutrals or non-belligerents who are not afraid to speak their mind about Germany and to tell Hitler and Co. that they are lying. . . .

Regarding London, . . . Australian soldiers all find it very interesting. Many of them are astonished, shocked a bit, too, by its contrasts: fine streets and magnificent buildings here, there, slumminess, sordidness and grime a couple of hundred yards away. The latter weigh so heavily on some Diggers that one remarked to an English friend of mine: 'I reckon the best thing you could do would be to let Jerry come and bomb the blessed place to bits and then rebuild it clean.'

British Australian and New Zealander.

More Italian Claims

ONE of the most futile expressions of dislike for Italians is the breaking of their store windows. The windows are almost invariably insured, and not with Italian companies, but with British and Canadian companies. They, and not the Italians, have to bear the loss involved.

Toronto Star.

Tot Sententiae

THE beginning of all strategy is food.—MAJ.-GEN. J. F. C. FULLER.

MARTIN LUTHER—taught that Christianity is a matter for the individual only, not for the State. . . . This horrible doctrine has been openly taught in Germany by theologians, philosophers and historians.

THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE.

A NATIONAL day of prayer is usually followed by a disaster of the first magnitude. H. G. WELLS.

ONE of the most ancient cuss-words in the language . . . was made famous by a very great author, and has come to take the place of the old Victorian damn! It helped this Empire to win one war, and it will probably help to win the present one.

MR. REGISTRAR FRIEND.

NAZISM in itself is evil. But it is an evil expression of a good thing. The force behind Nazism is good. It is the despair and dissatisfaction of people with the world as it was. J. B. PRIESTLEY.

THE Duce . . . is like a high-tension spring that has lost its flexibility. He has lived too long at high pressure. He is still trying to persuade himself and his admirers, both male and female, that he is a young man.

GEORGE SLOCOMBE.

I AM a British Ambassador and I am jolly well not going to hide in a shelter when our British planes are overhead.

SIR LANCELOT OLIPHANT (in Berlin).

GOVERNMENT departments are the last refuge of incompetence, because they have no competition and don't have to show a profit. NATHANIEL GUBBINS.

WOMEN have a steadier eye than men. They don't drink and they don't smoke so much . . . but there are more women than men, and we can spare half a million of them.—DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL (on the Parliamentary Shooting Range).

THE British soldier can stand up to anything, sir, except the British War Office.—BERNARD SHAW (The Devil's Disciple).

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